

THE LIBERTY BELL.

unpublished

THE LIBERTY BELL.



Lucretia Mott.

THE
LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

'It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubt moche
when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the
bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether
happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should
be abashed and flee.'

The Golden Legend, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

BOSTON:
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.
MDCCXLIV.

BOSTON:
OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER,
XLVII. COURT STREET.

Coll. A

LIR

1844

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THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY R. R. R. MOORE.

RING loud that hallowed BELL!

Ring it long, ring it long;

Through the wide world let it tell

That Freedom's strong.

That the whole world shall be free —
The mighty crowd, the mighty crowd —
That the proud shall bend the knee,
The haughty proud.

Ring, ring the mighty BELL,
In the storm, in the storm !
Brothers ! it shall herald well
Fair Freedom's form.

Ring it Southward, till its voice
For slavery toll, for slavery toll ;
And Freedom's wakening touch rejoice
Both limb and soul.

Ring it o'er the negro's grave !
Ring it deep, ring it deep ;
Its tones are sacred to the slave,
In Freedom's sleep.

Ring it, till its startling tones
Thrill young and old, young and old ;
Till despots tremble on their thrones,
And their blood run cold.

Ring it, till the slave be free,
Wherever chained, wherever chained ;
Till Universal Liberty
For aye be gained.

Ring it, till the young arise
To Freedom's fight, to Freedom's fight ;
Spring gladly toward the kindling skies,
All clothed in light.

Ring it, till the bonds of sect
Be torn away, be torn away ;
Till every man, as God's elect,
Kneel down to pray.

Ring it, till the world have heard,
And *felt*, at length, and felt, at length;
Till every living soul be stirred,
And clothed with strength.

WORDS TO THE WAVERING.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER.

WHAT is a slave?

He is a human being, the *property* of another. He is a vendible commodity, and liable to be taken to market at any time. His points of merchantable merit are much like those of a horse. In the slave-mart, he is spoken of as 'so many years old, sound and kind, sold for no fault.' Male and female are exposed to the gaze and to the manipulations of the buyers. He may be mortgaged, leased, and taken on execution. His hands, limbs, and physical forces, are not his own, to use or to enjoy. He has no property, for he does not own even himself. His hours, his occupations, his food, his clothing, his domestic relations, his intel-

lectual and moral condition, depend upon the will of another. If he is sick, he cannot suspend his labors; if weary, he cannot rest, but by the permission of another. Books—he has none; nor could he read them, if he had. He knows not whether the earth is round or square, whether he lives in India or Nova Zembla, whether the month is July or November, whether the sun is an animal or a machine, whether to-morrow is another day, or yesterday come back. His domestic ties are unregarded and precarious. To-day he has what he *calls* wife and children; to-morrow they are sold, torn from his embrace, and vanish forever from his sight. A gloom, as of impenetrable night, broods over his mind and soul. His religion is a compound of blind credulity, gross superstition, and wild fanaticism, the offspring of darkness and fear. His courage is crushed, his love is trampled on, his ambition is extinguished, 'his hope is as the spider's web,'

I make no account of the beatings, the brandings, the iron yokes, the croppings, the mutilations, the hunger, want, and nakedness, to which he is subject. These are the natural, and not infrequent concomitants of slavery, but they are not its essential and necessary elements.

Such, as I have pictured it, such, at the very best, is the condition of a *SLAVE*. Be it that he is well fed, and clothed, and housed; that he has medical attendance when he is sick, and a burial service mumbled over him when dead; that his flesh never feels the sting of the scourge, or shrinks and curls under the branding-iron. Be it that he is permitted to go to church on Sundays, and to get drunk on Christmas holidays; that he sings as he goes to his work, and laughs under his crushing burdens. Is he not still a thing, a *chattel*, a *SLAVE*? It has been well said, that 'a slave is none the less a slave for being well fed and

clothed.' What quantity of rich viands and gay apparel would make slavery sweet, or even durable, to any man, in whose soul a spark of manhood remained unextinguished? Alas! these accidental adjuncts, like rouge on the cheeks, and festive garments on the body of a corpse, serve too often to make us forget the death and corruption which they embellish and hide.

Such, then, is a slave; and such are three millions of our fellow men in the United States. Is this a state of things to be vindicated, to be apologized for—nay, to be tolerated, in *any* country? Still more, shall it be tolerated in a country whose fundamental charter declares *all* men free? More than all, shall it be tolerated, and even defended, in a land which calls itself a Christian land, which lays claim to and professes a religion whose cardinal principles are justice and love? Is it meet that the citizens, the *free* citizens of such

a country, should acquiesce and be quiet under a state of things which invites the hisses of a world and the vengeance of God? Is it our highest wisdom to be silent and cautious, to 'peep and mutter,' to sneak and apologize? Shall we apply the liniment of fair speeches and lying words, 'to skin and film the ulcerous part,' or shall we probe it to the bottom, and make it quiver under the caustic of truth?

It is because there is so little freedom among the free, that the slavery of the slave is so enduring. There is a want of rugged, athletic and vigorous manhood throughout the so-called *free* States; a manhood above the fear of man, which shall dare to speak and make its voice heard for right and justice, till it drown the loudest shriek of the oppressor and the faintest whisper of his apologist,—as the roar of the ocean waves, as they break against our coast, drowns the chirping of the grasshoppers upon its brink.

This is a timorous, time-serving and mealy-mouthing generation. If it were not, it would stand in all conversations and discourses as an undeniable axiom, that slavery is 'evil, and only evil, and that continually.' The point would not need to be argued, it would not need to be stated. Every sentence, every word, which implied an excuse for slavery, or a doubt of its unqualified enormity, would fill us with surprise as well as horror. It is not in human nature to look slavery in the face, and for a moment imagine it to be defensible or endurable. Though the tongue may attempt to palliate it, the heart is evermore true; for who ever seduced himself into the belief that it would be right and just to make a slave of *him*? The application of this test shows that the spontaneous instincts of humanity recoil from slavery as an unconditional wrong. How comes it, then, that, with unanimous hearts, we find so many jarring tongues?

How comes it, that the sentiment of justice within us, which demands freedom for ourselves, does not impel us to demand it equally for others? How comes it, that one of the most central convictions of our nature is so seldom out-spoken? It is because we *are* a timorous, faithless and time-serving generation. We do not believe in a just God, nor heartily pray, 'Thy kingdom come.' But we believe in money, and in public opinion, and in physical enjoyment; and, desecrating ourselves to these, we surrender our manhood, and go about trembling, smiling, cringing, trimming, and grimacing, to the end of our unprofitable days.

So long as the mind of the free States remains in this torpid and paralytic condition, every man who holds sound principles and right views on the subject of slavery must give them voice. Thus much, at least, every one can do; and who shall say that thus much is little? Is it little to awaken and vivify be-

sotted and drowsy humanity? Is it little to quicken the sluggish, enervated, and misdirected activity of the times into healthy and vigorous manifestations? Is it little to dispel that cringing cowardice, begotten of ease and selfishness, which fetters so many tongues, and restore freedom to Speech and speech to Freedom?

We are by no means so loyal to the principles of freedom as were our revolutionary fathers. In the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, no defender of slavery was found — not even an apologist. It was tacitly or expressly admitted, on all hands, that it was an evil and a curse; by Southern and by Northern men alike, its existence was deplored, and its ultimate and not distant extinction foretold. Its utter incompatibility with the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence was too glaring to be overlooked. When forced to speak of it, they did it in a

gingerly and roundabout way, allusively and periphrastically, rather than bluntly; very much as one would hint at his father's bankruptcy or his mother's shame. They did not even *name* it in their Constitution, for they believed the fact would soon cease, and they would not have the word perpetuate its memory.

What a change for the worse have three score years of prosperity wrought in us! The old honesty, which forbade our fathers to blink or palliate an evil or an outrage, has died out. The disgrace has fallen upon us to vindicate what our ancestors deplored. With a hardihood of moral insensibility, perhaps unexampled in the history of the world, men are found to justify slavery as a patriarchal institution, and to claim for it even a divine sanction. The statesmen of the land, the shepherds of the people, the men who fill the high places of honor, and to whom we look for guidance, prophet and priest and able-man, are either

loud in its defence, or silent in its condemnation, as if they had 'eaten of that insane root, which takes the reason prisoner.'

The hour is fully come for the manhood and the womanhood of the land to awake. People may differ about what is to be done, and about the way of doing it; but true souls cannot differ in their abhorrence of slavery, nor in their conviction that every thing is to be done which can be done to accelerate its extermination. In this work, the measure of our duty is our power—the limit of our *ought* is our *can*. It is no time for lukewarmness or for wavering. Every hour of apathy is the complement of three million hours of slavery. Every word of apology is an act of treason to humanity and to freedom. Every suppression of honest indignation and stern condemnation is the destruction of a seed which might bring forth good fruit a thousand fold.

Let the voice of the deeply-moved popular

heart, the heart of humanity, be but adequately spoken, and recreant priest and profligate statesman would 'hide their diminished heads.' Nay, recreant priest and profligate statesman, with their wonted cunning and adroit deference to self-interest, would join the cry, and clamor loudest of all, and claim to be pioneers and leaders.

Does any one suppose that slavery could stand without the re-inforcement of Northern opinion? That it could stand, in defiance of the expressed condemnation of the world, upon its own basis, unmoved and secure? Not for a day! Northern opinion is a wall of fire round about it; Northern supplies are its constant nourishment; Northern bayonets its secure defence. Let but the sentiment of the free States become unanimous or general against slavery, and the day-star of Liberty will have dawned to the captives, boding fear to oppression and heralding its doom.

Dost thou waver, then, O man of expedients and superabundant caution, about giving in thy adhesion to free principles? God be praised, they can prosper without thee, but not thou without them. Prevail they must, and prevail they will, whether thou do or whether thou forbear. But he who would share the glory and the joy of the triumph, should bear his part in the toil and peril of the conflict. If those are blest who but witness that triumph, how much more they who knew the day of small things, and, in spite of 'evil times and evil men,' stood firmly by down-trodden and despised Right in her dishonor, to be made partakers of her imperishable brightness when all shall confess her majesty and her supremacy!

Boston, October, 1843.

A CHIPPEWA LEGEND.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE old Chief, feeling now well nigh his end,
Called his two eldest children to his side,
And gave them, in few words, his parting charge:
' My son and daughter, me ye see no more;
The happy hunting-grounds await me, green
With change of Spring and Summer through
the year:

But, for remembrance, after I am gone,
Be kind to little Sheemah for my sake;
Weakling he is and young, and knows not yet
To set the trap, or draw the seasoned bow;
Therefore of both your loves he hath more need,
And he who needeth love, to love hath right;

* For the leading incidents in this tale I am indebted to the very
valuable ' Algie Researches ' of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq.

It is not like our furs and stores of corn,
Whereto we claim sole title by our toil ;
But the Great Spirit plants it in our hearts,
And waters it and gives it sun to be
The common stock and heritage of all :
Therefore be kind to Sheemah, that yourselves
May not be left deserted in your need.'

Alone, beside a lake, their wigwam stood,
Far from the other dwellings of their tribe ;
And, after many moons, the loneliness
Wearied the elder brother, and he said,
' Why should I dwell here all alone, shut out
From all the natural joys that fit my age ?
Lo, I am tall and strong, well skilled to hunt,
Patient of toil and hunger, and not yet
Have seen the danger which I dared not look
Full in the face ; what hinders me to be
A mighty Brave and Chief among my kin ?
So, taking up his arrows and his bow,
As if to hunt, he journied swiftly on,

Until he gained the wigwams of his tribe,
Where, choosing out a bride, he soon forgot,
In all the fret and bustle of new life,
The little Sheemah and his father's charge.

Now when the sister found her brother gone,
And that for many days he came not back,
She wept for Sheemah more than for herself;
For Love bides longest in a woman's heart,
And flutters many times before he flies,
And then doth perch so nearly, that a word
May lure him back, as swift and glad as light;
And Duty lingers even when Love is gone,
Oft looking out in hope of his return,
And, after Duty hath been driven forth,
When Selfishness creeps in the last of all,
Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth,
And crouching o'er the embers, to shut out
Whatever paltry warmth and light are left,
With avaricious greed, from all beside.
So, for long months, the sister hunted wide,

And cared for little Sheemah tenderly;
But, daily more and more, the loneliness
Grew wearisome, and to herself she sighed,
' Am I not fair? at least the glassy pool,
That hath no cause to flatter, tells me so;
But O, how flat and meaningless the tale,
Unless it tremble on a lover's tongue!
Beauty hath no true glass, except it be
In the sweet privacy of loving eyes.'
Thus deemed she idly, and forgot the lore
Which she had learned of nature and the woods,
That beauty's chief reward is to itself,
And that the eyes of love reflect alone
The inward fairness, which is blurred and lost
Unless kept clear and white by Duty's care.
So she went forth and sought the haunts of men,
And, being wedded, in her household cares,
Soon, like the elder brother, quite forgot
The little Sheemah and her father's charge.

But Sheemah, left alone within the lodge,
Waited and waited, with a shrinking heart,

Thinking each rustle was his sister's step,
Till hope grew less and less, and then went out,
And every sound was changed from hope to fear.
Few sounds there were :—the dropping of a nut,
The squirrel's chirrup and the jay's harsh
scream,

Autumn's sad remnants of the Summer's cheer,
Heard at long intervals, seemed but to make
The dreadful void of silence silenter.

Soon what small store his sister left was gone,
And, through the Autumn, he made shift to live
On roots and berries, gathered in much fear
Of wolves, whose ghastly howl he heard
ofttimes,

Hollow and hungry at dead of night.

But Winter came at last, and, when the snow
Spread its unbroken silence over all,
Made bold by hunger, he was fain to glean,
(More sick at heart than Ruth, and all alone,)
After the harvest of the merciless wolf,
Grim Boaz, who, all lean and gaunt, yet feared

A thing more wild and starving than himself,
Till by degrees the wolf and he grew friends,
And shared together all the Winter through.

Late in the Spring, when all the ice was
gone,

The elder brother, fishing in the lake,
Upon whose edge his father's wigwam stood,
Heard a low moaning noise upon the shore.
Half like a child it seemed, and half a wolf,
And straightway there was something in his
heart

That said, 'It is thy brother Sheemah's voice.'
So, paddling swiftly to the bank, he saw,
Within a little thicket close at hand,
A child that seemed fast changing to a wolf,
From the neck downward gray with shaggy
hair,

That still crept on and upward as he looked.
The face was turned away, but well he knew
That it was Sheemah's, even his brother's face.

Then with his trembling hands he hid his eyes,
And bowed his head so that he might not see
The first look of his brother's eyes, and cried,
'O, Sheemah! O, my brother, speak to me!
Dost thou not know me, that I am thy brother?
Come to me, little Sheemah, thou shalt dwell
With me henceforth, and know no care or
want!'

Sheemah was silent for a space, as if
'T were hard to summon up a human voice,
And, when he spake, his voice was like a
wolf's:

'I know thee not, nor art thou what thou say'st;
I have none other brethren than the wolves,
And, till thy heart be changed from what it is,
Thou art not worthy to be called their kin.'
Then groaned the other, with a choking tongue,
'Alas! my heart is broke within me now!'
And, looking upward fearfully, he saw
Only a wolf that shrank away and ran,
Ugly and fierce, to hide among the woods.

This rude, wild legend hath an inward sense,
Which it were well we all should lay to heart;
For have not we our younger brothers, too,
The poor, the outcast, and the trodden down,
Left fatherless on earth to pine for bread?
They are a hungered for our love and care,
It is their spirits that are famishing,
And our dear Father, in his Testament,
Bequeathed them to us as our dearest trust,
Whereof we shall give up a strait account.
Woe, if we have forgotten them, and left
Those souls that might have grown so fair and
glad,
That only wanted a kind word from us,
To be so free and gently beautiful,—
Left them to feel their birthright as a curse,
To grow all lean and cramped and full of sores,
And last,—sad change, that surely comes to all
Shut out from manhood by their brother man,—
To turn mere wolves, for lack of aught to
love!

Hear it, O England ! thou who liest asleep
On a volcano, from whose pent up wrath,
Already some red flashes, bursting up,
Glare bloodily on coronet and crown
And gray cathedral looming huge aloof,
With dreadful portent of o'erhanging doom !
Thou Dives among nations ! from whose board,
After the dogs are fed, poor Lazarus,
All gaunt and worn with toil, and hollow-eyed,
Begs a few crumbs in vain !

I honor thee

For all the lessons thou hast taught the world,
Not few nor poor, and freedom chief of all ;
I honor thee for thy huge energy,
Thy tough endurance, and thy fearless heart ;
And how could man, who speaks with English
words,
Think lightly of the blessed womb that bare
Shakspeare and Milton, and full many more
Whose names are now our Earth's sweet lul-
labies,

Wherewith she cheers the infancy of those
Who are to do her honor in their lives?
Yet I would bid thee, ere too late, beware,
Lest, while thou playest off thine empty farce
Of Queenship to outface a grinning world,
Patching thy purple out with filthy rags,
To make thy madness a more bitter scoff,
Thy starving millions,— who not only pine
For body's bread, but for the bread of life,
The light which from their eyes is quite shut
out

By the broad mockery of thy golden roof,—
Should turn to wolves that hanker for thy blood.

And thou, my country, who to me art dear
As is the blood that circles through my heart,
To whom God granted it in charge to be
Freedom's Messiah to a trampled world,
Who should'st have been a mighty name to
shake
Old lies and shams as with a thunder-fit,

Art little better than a sneer and mock,
And tyrants smile to see thee holding up
Freedom's broad *Ægis* o'er three million slaves !
Shall God forget himself to humor thee ?
Shall Justice lie to screen thine ugly sin ?
Shall the eternal laws of truth become
Cobwebs to let thy foul oppression through ?
Shall the untiring vengeance, that pursues,
Age after age, upon the sinner's track,
Roll back his burning deluge at thy beck ?
Woe ! woe ! Even now I see thy star drop
down,
Waning and pale, its faint disc flecked with
blood,
That had been set in heaven gloriously,
To beacon Man to Freedom and to Home !
Woe ! woe ! I hear the loathsome serpent hiss,
Trailing, unharmed, its slow and bloated folds
O'er the lone ruins of thy Capitol !
I see those outcast millions, turned to wolves,
That howl and snarl o'er Freedom's gory corse,

And suck the ebbing heart's-blood of that Hope,
Which would have made our earth smile back
on heaven,

A happy child upon a happy mother,
From whose ripe breast it drew the milk of life.

But no, my country! other thoughts than
these

Befit a son of thine: far other thoughts
Befit the heart which can unswerved believe
That Wrong already feels itself o'ercome,
If but one soul have strength to see the right,
Or one free tongue dare speak it. All mankind
Look, with an anxious flutter of the heart,
To see thee working out thy glorious doom.
Thou shalt not, with a lie upon thy lips,
Forever prop up cunning despotisms
And help to strengthen every tyrant's plea,
By striving to make man's deep soul content
With a half-truth that feeds it with mere wind.
God judgeth us by what we know of right,

Rather than what we practice that is wrong
Unknowingly; and thou shalt yet be bold
To stand before Him with a heart made clean
By doing that He taught thee how to preach.
Thou yet shalt do thy holy errand; yet,
That little Mayflower, convoyed by the winds
And the the rude waters to our rocky shore,
Shall scatter Freedom's seed throughout the
world,
And all the nations of the earth shall come
Singing to share the harvest-home of Truth.

Cambridge, October, 1843.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY JAMES HAUGHTON.

AMID the exciting struggles of political life, and surrounded by the debasing influences of partisanship, which absorb so much attention, the still small influences, which are silently improving the social condition of mankind, hold on their way, and are producing blessed results. The number of those who labor with any degree of zeal in the cause of human improvement may be small, in all countries, yet their voice is heard; and although they are often looked upon as mere enthusiasts by those who have little inclination to spare much time from their own selfish pursuits, yet they are generally respected, even by the thoughtless and the indolent. Let this testimony to the

value of their exertions (for surely it is *some* proof that they have wrought a favorable change in public opinion,) stimulate all who are engaged in works of benevolence, and who labor to sow the seed of right principle in the hearts of men. Let them not slacken in their efforts, but work on in singleness of heart; and, as surely as the harvest compensates the industry of the husbandman, so certainly will their toil be repaid in beholding peace and prosperity springing up around them; or, if they should not live to enjoy the fruition of their hopes, they will leave the world with the consciousness of having striven to improve it, and with the conviction that truth, once given to the world, lives forever. As the precious seed which has lain imbedded in the rock or swathed in the mummy for centuries, without exhibiting any signs of vitality, when placed in suitable soil, and warmed by the sun, at once yields to the

kindly influences, 'some sixty, some an hundred fold;' so it is with truth. It may have been planted and have lain dormant in the heart, smothered by bigotry and intolerance, or immersed in the thick folds of selfishness; at length some fortuitous circumstance bursts these bonds, the seed springs up to maturity, and creates a new life in the soul which had held the treasure, and was unconscious of its worth. However dark and dismal may be the path which the moral reformer has at times to tread, however he may be discouraged at times by the difficulties which lie in his way, and the slow progress which mankind appear to make, yet it seems to me that there are, in the present state of the world, indications of the value of his labors, and prospects of their ultimate success. We frequently hear it said, 'the present time is one of deep importance to our country and the world,' and 'now is the moment when all should labor in the promotion

of human happiness.' Language like this has been common in all times, among men who felt anxious to do good, and it seems to me a perfectly natural mode of expression. The great work of human improvement is ever calling on us all to be up and engaged in its promotion. Every man has but one life to live, so that the *present time* always was, and ever must be, pregnant with great things to each of us. Let all, therefore, who labor now, labor more ardently, and let those who are supine be aroused. Zealous husbandmen, and plenty of them, are required to till the soil of the human heart, and bring to life and light the seed of true principle, which is beginning to germinate.

I will mention a few of the moral upheavings of the soul of man, which seem to me to warrant this conclusion.

In the first place, I take the glorious Teetotal Reform, which, from being only a short

time since a little rivulet, has swollen into a mighty river, fertilizing the whole earth in its course. Thousands of sorrow-stricken mothers have found joy and comfort in partaking of its healing waters. Equal numbers of fathers, whose hearts had been saddened by seeing desolation brought upon their sons and their daughters, by tasting of the wine-cup, or indulging in the use of alcohol under other disguises, have had their sorrow turned into joy, on seeing the poisoned cup banished by the virtuous resolution of their children. No heart can conceive, no tongue can tell the happiness which has been shed abroad in Ireland by the good Father Mathew. May God Almighty continue to bless the untiring labors of this devoted servant, until the curse of drunkenness shall be but a matter of history in my country. May all nations engage in a generous rivalry in the Teetotal cause. If Teetotalism be not the foundation of Religion, it is its

bulwark. It has revived the religious sentiment in the hearts of myriads, who had heretofore known but little of its peaceful influences. Let all who have any love for their fellow-men join heart and hand with their brother Teetotalers. I use the word Teetotalism in preference to the word Temperance ; it is more explicit, and it excites in my mind sensations of abounding happiness.

I will next refer to those conceptions now rapidly taking possession of men's minds, which are destined to sweep the accursed system of slavery from off the face of the earth. England has at length done her duty in this glorious work ; her aged Clarkson, the magnanimous pioneer in the work of Universal Emancipation, yet lives, and has the happiness to know that in the wide dominions of his country the law recognizes not the right of man to hold his brother man as a chattel. The lovers of freedom in every land will sym-

thize with Thomas Clarkson. May his life be spared until America shall have wiped the blot of slavery from her star-spangled banner. It is lamentable to see such a people so degraded as are that great portion of the American nation who practically deny their own glorious Declaration of Independence, which thus, instead of being, as it ought to be, a beacon-light to the friends of freedom in every land, is becoming the scoff and scorn of despots the world over. But I believe that the day is rapidly approaching when America will burst the chains which bind her, and will teach the world, by her practical exemplification of their glorious precepts, these great truths, that God has 'created of one blood all the nations of the earth,' and that 'all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' The high-souled Garrison, and the band of noble men and women who have

gathered around his standard, will soon vindicate the rights of outraged humanity, and prove to the world that honor and honesty, and truth and justice, are not mere empty sounds in their country.

I now turn to the subject of Peace, and I think my own beloved country is offering, in this respect, a beautiful example to the rest of the world; and if, under the guidance of that master spirit of the age, O'Connell, Ireland shall, by moral and peaceful means, and by these alone, succeed in the attainment of her legislative independence, the advocates of the Peace principle will indeed have cause to rejoice in so practical a demonstration of its efficacy in the promotion of truth and justice among mankind. The world has not before seen such wonderful sights as Ireland has offered to its view in those 'monster meetings,' which have assembled hundreds of thousands in peaceful array to petition Parliament for a

redress of grievances, and then separated in such perfect harmony and good order, that even the most timid had no reasonable cause of alarm. It will be recorded in the pages of Ireland's history, that although millions of her population were collected together during the last summer, in assemblages of from one hundred to five hundred thousand souls, no breaches of the peace occurred; intoxication was rarely witnessed, and kindness and good will almost universally prevailed. May this noble experiment of the relative value of moral power and brute force be carried to a successful issue; then will mankind be taught that it is wise as well as virtuous to 'turn their spears into pruning-hooks, their swords into ploughshares, and not learn war any more.'

One other illustration of my position, that in the midst of discouragement there are yet grounds of hope in the breasts of those who are laboring for the improvement of mankind,

and I will close this essay. The Free Trade movement in England is taking hold on the minds and judgement of the people, and the day cannot now be far distant when legislation in Great Britain and Ireland, hitherto almost exclusively conducted for the benefit of the wealthy classes only, will be carried on for the good and happiness of all.

Even this cursory enumeration of some proofs of the onward progress of mankind in morality and virtue, must convince well-minded men that their philanthropic labors are not fruitless; it must stimulate them to continual exertions in what appears to them the path of duty, although they must be aware that whether success or failure mark their efforts, they should assiduously plant the seeds of truth and righteousness, leaving it to the Almighty to ripen them in his own good time.

34, Eccles-street, Dublin,
1st November, 1843.

OUR FIRST TEN YEARS

IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

TEN YEARS of trial and determined strife
Have trailed the shadows of their fleeting vans
Down to the sunless grave!—years fraught
with scenes
Of earnest conflict, since the banner-folds
Of startled Freedom beat the air anew,
And the shrill trumpet of her bloodless war
Maddened the slumbering echoes, as we rushed
Into the whirl of this great battle;—years
That have stamped deep their impress on the
age,
And lit high Hope in man's despairing heart.

To him who, over conflict, and the jar
Of clashing interests, with serene soul sees
The certain good, forecast in mighty deeds
Of love and daring for the weal of man,
They have gone down in glory, and a light
Whose beams are of Eternity; — though oft
They swept in seeming gloom to us who toiled
In the thick dust and hovering clouds of war.

Hopes, dimmed by watching long and late,
in vain,
For what they dreamed of; — truth, in freeness
sown,
Yet springing to no harvest; — thwarted aims;
And the high good we sought unsound at
last; —
These, rising gloomily in our darker moods,
Wring from impatience the despairing sigh:
But the calm soul, in hours of purer trust,
Out of the volume of its hidden strength
Reads lessons more divinely bright, and sees

Even on the clouds which hide the coming
dawn,

The far-sent glories of the perfect day.

What though our toil from no crushed bond-
man's breast

Had flung the weight of years, nor in his soul
Lighted one spark of the immortal joy ?

Yet are the fetters, bound by solemn creeds,
And law, and custom's soul-destroying fiend,
Now from the nerv'd arm of awaken'd Thought
Flung shivered; yet have the awakening
words

Of a new freedom roused the daring mind
To loftiest action, and the nobler pulse
Of the love-beating heart, re-stirred to life.
We have not toiled in vain; but bounteously
Hath God bestowed the unsought recompense !
Nor yet for him upon whose furrowed flesh
Feeds the lank bloodhound, and the hungry lust
That fattens ever on a brother's woe,

Have our deed-uttered prayers been idly made,
Or pealed in vain the spirit's psalm of hope ;
For they who guard the bondman's bolted door
Have heard the heaving earthquake of Reform,
And tremble fearfully with their trembling
walls.

Up from the prison-house our God hath cast
A glorious highway for his redeemed,
And set his burning sentinel in the North,
A starry Abdiel mid unstable hosts.
From moonless wilds amidst the low morass,
Nightly the flying prisoner steers by light
Of that lone watcher's lamp, though dimmed
in mist ;
While his keen eye, with earnest meaning full,
Reads every sign in every stirring leaf.
Vainly the bloodhound now shall bay his track,
For welcome doors, warm hearts, and brother-
hands
Are open to receive him. Now his soul

May find brief rest where manly bosoms glow,
And brave men, daring to be merciful,
Hurl full defiance on the enslaving law.

Ten years of conflict with the powers of
wrong

Have passed, and yet our foe is in the field,—
A merciless demon, with armed multitudes
Around his midnight banner; while of us
Some have grown weary and laid down their
arms;

Some turned, with cruel treachery, to the foe,
And stabbed their brethren; some, worn down
and weak,

Centre their lives in every home-sent blow,
And dart their souls through all their burning
words;

And some, whose hearts were folded to our
own

In pure and deep affection, have gone up
Into the brightness of the Unrevealed,

Crowned martyrs, beckoning us to braver
deeds —

Unseen, yet with us in their deathless love.

Now we are left to battle on alone
Against proud legions: — ah! how earnestly,
Could we but know with what dark weight
these years

Swept over the lorn captive! — ten long years
Of added wrong, to centuries which have
plunged

Into the dark abyss, up-treasuring wrath
Against a day of terror and revenge;
Years, whose dread foot-fall hath crushed,
breath by breath,
The life from anguished bosoms, and trod out
Soul, mind, and strength, and manhood, spark
by spark.

Was it for us to fold our hands, and dream
Of quiet fields and a serene repose,

While the flushed dragon of Oppression
stalked,

Blood drunken even to madness, with his limbs
Bathed in the crimson life-drops, by his hand
Wrung with slow torture from ten thousand
hearts ?

Ah, no !— we found far other theme for thought,
And field for earnest action, when we saw
The grim-browed Horror, in his traffic, tear
The new-born infant from its mother's breast,
And hurl it, wailing, to his hungry whelps,
Whose cry for blood rings yet through all our
land.

Not then had we soft words and pleasant wiles
To lull the monster to a false repose,
While every hour gave to his iron jaws
New victims, and no night came darkling down
But with it brought more agonies than stars.
Not then had we the bland, complacent smile,
And bow precise, for lily-fingered Pride
In Church or State; who, crowned alike in
each,

Set bloodhound Law upon its human prey,
And sanctified the slaughter that it made.
We had no time to laud a gilded name,
Or make one for ourselves, but in blunt truth
Spoke out our word, regardless if it marred
Our own or other's fame ; for name and rest,
And even life, in humble trust, were laid
On Freedom's altar, in the strength of God.
There let them lie till fire come down from
heaven,
Red-winged, and heave the offering to the sky ;
For, from their ashes, phenix-like, shall spring
Diviner life, new peace, and holier fame.

Ten years of warfare ! and our clanging arms
Have struck live sparkles from the foeman's
crest,
And bowed by times his haughtiness to dust ;
Till now his howl of agony ascends
With his torn victim's cry, as fiercely yet
He drives his bloody fangs into the flesh

Of Innocence, and clings, as clings the wolf
To the young lamb the shepherd's hand would
 save !

Fearlessly onward have the nobler souls
In Freedom's host the tide of battle borne ;
And on them rain the fiery darts, which pour
From the mailed legions of the maddened foe.
Malignant Hate, by holy walls entrenched,
Masked Treachery, and unblenching Scorn,
 hurl forth
Their dreadless malisons in Religion's name,
To blast our vanguard in their bold career.
O God ! forgive them, if amid the fierce
Opposing onset, they forget by times
The gentle charities we owe to all,
Though darkly erring, even till bitterness
Tinge the hot tide of their indignant hearts.
The tongueless Truth may be no longer dumb ;
Upon their souls the mighty utterance weighs,
Which, woe to them, if now they breathe it
 not.

The Past, with all its glory and its toil ;
The Present, speaking with its tongues of
flame ;
The sublime Future, whose insatiate thirst
To *be* is its best prophet ; — all, as one,
Bid their seer souls speak out their manly
thought,
In fearless trust, for Liberty and God : —
And now, what marvel if their words be stern,
When law, and custom, and the multitude
Would dam them back ? — what miracle of
wrong,
Though human weakness fling one dissonant jar
Into the God-breathed music of their souls ?
Go ! proud contemners of the gallant free,
Nor ask for harmony, when ye rudely smite
The lute through which it trembles into life !

Our years of struggle against giant Wrong
Have not gone voiceless to the dark inane !

Their bold words thrill far down the soundless
gulf

Of Being, stirring its eternal flood
With tide-like aspirations, that o'erleap
All bounds, exulting to be greatly free !
Hope springs, and kindles into living Trust ;
Joy wreathes her garlands for the conquering
soul ;

Oppression trembles, and its own foul shade
Creeps sure and chilling o'er its stolen light,
As darkness treads upon the lessening moon.
Freedom shall yet redeem her heritage, —
The living spirit ; — even now her reign
Dawns in bright promise to the faithful Seer !
No more, as once, she stands in mean attire,
Leaned on the broken staff of her torn flag,
Drenching its folds in tears ; but in the array
Of majesty, she comes with queenly tread
Over the regal heights of holy Thought,
In the soul-world, — her banner, like pure fire,
Flung out, and fluttering in the gales of Truth !

I thank thee, O my God, that I have lived
Amid these years, and in this glorious dawn
Of a more glorious Future ; that my days
Are of these giant times, whose every hour
Is burdened with great prophecies, and deeds
Of mightiness, whose far-extending arms
Take hold upon the Infinite, and wed
The sublime Present to Eternity !
Not wisely, nor with deep truth, has he read
The record of the Ages whose divine
Apocalypse is of this, who spurns To-day,
To adore its germ in shadows of the Past.
To him the solemn Centuries speak in vain :
Their great out-gushings of the heroic soul,
In deeds sublime, and miracles of thought,
Were but fore-splendors of this living Now —
This glorious promise of the great To-come !

Happy are we, who faithfully may serve
This present hour, — that out of it shall spring
The goodness undelay'd, — and nurse this plant,
Whose seed's seed verges to the Perfectness !

Plainfield, Ct., October, 1843.

COMPLAINT AND REPROACH.

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

THERE are two means whereby the weakest may compel the strongest; the feeblest reach and overcome the mightiest; to which even stern and hardened custom yields. They are, Complaint and Reproach.

Complaint invokes that sentiment of benevolence, which, with a force greater or less, actuates every human creature, even the most insensible; it is the natural means whereby benevolence is appealed to and aroused; the natural sign of suffering; the voice of woe; and the more helpless he who utters it, oft-times it reaches the further, it touches the deeper, it moves the more. Complaint is the last resource of the miserable; it is the means

whereby the oppressed struggle ever for deliverance, and at length achieve it.

The half-choked cry of woe, the trembling, inarticulate murmur of complaint, uttered so long, and, to all appearance, so hopelessly, from African shores and American plantations, though it could not move the slave-merchant and the slave-driver, yet reached at length across the seas, and over mountains, and in distant lands found a faint echo, from a few scattered, benevolent hearts. Yet, without money, power, or influence, what could a few obscure men and feeble women do, to rectify a wrong countenanced by the morals of the day, sanctified by religion, and perpetrated by the rich and great? They could do nothing—but complain. They did complain. They re-echoed back to African shores and American plantations the sufferers' cry. They made it articulate. It was no longer a low, faint murmur, in an unknown tongue; they gave it

words in polished idioms, which Europe heard and understood. It became a voice, every where present and intelligible, ever sounding, night and day, in season and out of season, in the assembly, in the market-place, in the church, in the newspapers; a voice at which avarice in vain stopped its ears; which bishops and doctors strove without effect to drown; which made itself heard by indifference and by prejudice; whose iterations worried even the unjust;—a voice at first still and small, but which swelled stronger and louder, till all men listened, and the slave-merchants and the slave-drivers trembled in their palaces. And well might they tremble; for now Complaint was mingled with Reproach.

Reproach is a means above the slave's reach; but in the hands of his friends, those whom his sufferings and complaints have made so, it becomes a mighty weapon. Reproach addresses itself to that sentiment of self-com-

parison, that love of superiority, which is the very strongest motive of mankind; a motive which, if it often prompts to violence and oppression, is the spur, also, to the noblest actions, and the strongest stay even to ordinary virtue. For, since the disposition to do good to others is, by common consent, a trait of human nature so singular and supereminent as to be specially and alone entitled to be called Humanity,—as if it were that alone which made us men,—what wonder that none can bear to think, still less to be forever told, that he is inhumane? What wonder that to be reproached with want of ordinary virtue, is that which, of all accusations, men feel the most?

Let no one say, then, that the people called Abolitionists, in that they have uttered loud and incessant complaints, and sharp and bitter reproaches, have in so doing mis-directed their strength or lost their pains. They have

used the only instruments hitherto in their power; and the result shows to what good purpose. The slaveholders know this, and feel it; and so do the slaveholders' friends. The loud cry they raise shows that they, too, suffer. Tyranny, and the advocacy of it, are no longer so comfortable. The ingenious doctrine of limited responsibility no longer serves its turn. Complaints and reproaches, constantly reiterated, are more than a match for the subtlest casuistry. The procedures and doctrines so loudly denounced, North and South, as incendiary, have been so denounced, not, as has been alleged, from any supposed tendency in them to excite the slaves to insurrection, but from their real and obvious tendency to excite a still more dangerous insurrection in the hearts of the free,—the dreaded insurrection of humanity and justice.

Nor let any cold critic, calmly reposing in his easy chair, blame too rashly what in these

'incendiary proceedings' may seem to savor of exaggeration or violence. It is impossible to convince men of the iniquity of slavery, except by making them feel it. Great sacrifices never will be made, great objects never will be accomplished, except under the influence of strong emotions; and strong emotions are not always exactly observant of drawing-room decencies. Complaints and reproaches are ugly and disagreeable things; as such, they are excluded, by common consent, from polite society. But did polite society and soft speeches ever yet make a revolution?

Boston, October, 1843.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, in his godless reign,
As, by the prophet Daniel, we are told,
Set up an image upon Dura's plain,
Whose height was sixty cubits: of fine gold
Was this great idol; though some writers hold,
That it was hollow — cast of baser metal,
And gilt, when taken from its monstrous mould,
As you might gild an iron pot or kettle:
This controversy, though, I stop not now to
settle.

Nebuchadnezzar then sends out and calls
His princes, governors, and men of might,
Sheriffs, and those who sit in judgement halls,
Dispensing judgement, whether wrong or right,
Treasurers, and those who sit, by day or night,
In council, with their cloaks of sable on ;
And bids them round this idol throng, and cite
Nations and tongues, and lead the rabble on,
That pours out through the gates of his 'great
Babylon.'

And all, when they shall hear the blending sound
Of cornet, sackbut, dulcimer and flute,
Psaltery and harp, must fall upon the ground,
And, as their God, this idol must salute,
In prostrate worship : — no one must be mute ;
For whosoe'er should dare stand up, and turn his
Back on the idol, or his clairas dispute,
Nebuchadnezzar swore that he would burn his
Body and soul up, in 'a burning firy furnace.'

Yet dwelt there then in Babylon some slaves,
The sacred story gives the names of three,
Who, torn, in youth, from the green fields and
 graves

Of their forefathers, near the Midland sea,
Dared to stand up, before the proud Chaldee,
And tell him they would never stoop so low,
As to that molten god to bend the knee.
Their honored names—how smooth in verse
 they flow!—

Here follow—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-
nego.

All readers of the Bible know the rest—
How these young Jews into the furnace fell,
Bound, hand and foot, and how nor hose nor vest,
Turban nor hair was touched, nor even the smell
Of fire passed on them. From the glowing cell,
Before the tyrant's eyes, unscathed they came,
To show him how the God of Israël
Can rescue, even from the devouring flame,
All those who worship HIM, and trust his holy
 name.

The image, told of here, is not the one
Of gold and silver, brass, and clay, and iron,
Seen in his *dream*, by him of Babylon:—
(I want a rhyme here, but won't take 'environ';
Butler has that; though I don't know that Byron,
In all his conversations with the Nine,
Has ever used a *nail* to hang his lyre on;
Nor do I think he ever wrote a line,
That with his own name rhymed, as do these
three of mine.)

That image composite, which, on his bed
Nebuchadnezzar saw, but lost on waking,
With its brass body and its golden head,
And silver arms, (the thing there's no mistaking)
Was the *ideal*, in the brain of a king,
Of the great *real* idol of our times,
Beneath whose iron tread the earth is quaking,
Whom to propitiate, men rush into crimes,
Maids prostitute themselves, and venal bards
their rhymes.

Nebuchadnezzar's image was a whapper;
Its feet were partly iron, partly clay;
Ours is as big, but *his* feet are all copper,—
So are his legs and thighs; and, when the ray
Of the round sun can on his body play,
You see that it is silver; while his bold
And beetling brow, and locks that ne'er grow
gray,
And cheeks without a wrinkle, though he's old,
Like his of Babylon, are eighteen carat gold.

Nebuchadnezzar's image, in his dream,
Had arms of silver:—ours has no such things,
But, in their stead, thin paper, by the ream,
Figured all o'er, is fashioned into wings:—
These, like the mountain condor, forth he flings;
Then, all eyes turn, to see how they expand;
And, as he moves along, each votary brings
His offering,—even the princes of the land,
The merchant princes, pay him tribute, 'on
demand.'

Of this great idol, Shakspeare might not say,
' He hath no *speculation* in his eyes ' ;
For he doth speculate, the livelong day :
He watcheth every one that sells or buys :
At every ' trade,' his copper legs and thighs,
Like king Belshazzar's knees, will smite to-
gether ;
And, when he sees the markets fall or rise,
As they will do, with every change of weather,
He wags his golden head, and shakes each
paper feather.

Not without shelter doth this god abide ;
For, many a costly mansion doth he own ;
In the high places do they stand in pride,
Of painted wood, pressed brick, or hammered
stone.

Their portals daily are wide open thrown,
But bolted strong at night : — 'tis then he brings
His labors to a close : — there, all alone,
Into some box his silver body flings,
Wraps up his golden head, and folds his paper
wings.

And all along the city's busy street,
Full many an altar to this god you 'll see,
And, round each one, the track of frequent feet,
That tells of many a fervent devotee,
That there hath stood, or bent the pliant knee,
In worship :— thither many a mother leads
Her daughters, in their virgin purity,
With bridal roses decked, and sparkling beads ;
There Innocence lies bound, and there **Love's**
true heart bleeds.

Priestess and priest, to gain this idol's smile,
Around his temples and his altars throng ;
Shrink from no task, how'er severe or vile,
To which he calls the beautiful, the strong ;
Patient they toil and watch, however long,
Health, both of body and of soul, resign,
Nor ask, nor care they whether right or wrong
The task they 're set to, so their god incline
His ear unto their vows, and make his face to
shine.

Some gather golden harvests from the field,
Which the true God to man hath given, for bread;
Some crush the cane, or fruit that orchards yield;
Beneath their naked feet still others tread
Purple and pearly clusters, till they shed
Their luscious juice; and tree, corn, cane and
vine,
That meant and hoped their thousands to have
fed,
Have been compelled their blessings to resign,
And, filling Circe's cup, to turn men into swine:
Or, rather, into demons; — for, as such,
One rushes, with his bludgeon, into strife;
Another, with his brain on fire, will clutch
His dagger, and the bosom of his wife
Receives it to the handle; — there, the life
Of friend or brother is the sacrifice
To this great idol offered; here, the knife
Gashes the suicide's throat, before the eyes
Of those who gave the draught, and, as their
victim dies,

They, who have led him to the altar, say,
' Alas, poor devil, 't was his time to go !'
Why longer live, who can no longer pay ?
No longer could he help us serve, you know,
The idol of our worship : — why, then, throw
A thought away upon him ? It is well
That he hath left us — for our our taxes grow
The heavier for them, while these loafers dwell
Among us upon earth ; so — let them go to hell !'

At this, the god, delighted with such proofs
Of true devotion, claps his paper wings ;
His silver body and his copper hoofs
Shine with new glory, as aloft he springs,
Like Maia's son — whom many a poet sings,
Although his moral character is rotten ; —
And off he sails, to claim his offerings
From other fields — fields never long forgotten —
Fields, brown with russet rice, or white with
opening cotton.

O'er these broad fields this idol loves to stalk ;
Those sunny fields he claims as all his own ;
A rice-plantation is his favorite walk,
A cotton-bag his ' wool-sack ' and his throne ;
On every acre are his altars shown,
More foul than ever rose to Lybian Ammon ;
For, bound, in chains that sear him to the bone,
Each burning altar has a child of Ham on,
Devoted to the god — a holocaust to MAMMON !

O, how this golden-headed idol gloats —
(That silver body holds an iron heart !)
O'er scenes like these ! O, how the silken notes,
That serve for plumes, do rustle ! How they
start
Into new life and lightness, as apart
His buoyant pinions to the winds are given !
And, as he looks down, on the cotton mart,
And, through its streets, sees gangs of victims
driven,
He shakes his silver sides, and cries, ' Well,
this is heaven ! '

And, as the idol chuckles, and, with glee,
Hears the whip crack, and sees its bloody gash,
The wail of millions, in their misery,
He notes, and smiles, and counts it all as cash.
For knife, his priesthood use the cutting lash ;
For garlands, chains ; for sheep and oxen, men ;
The pyre they kindle with a pistol-flash ;
They starve their victims, in a grated den !
The pagans *fatted* theirs — yet never in a pen,

As do the idolaters of modern days : —
No ; — in the *fields* the bullock breathed the air,
And, when Apollo, with too fond a gaze,
Looked on him, to a shade would he repair,
There lie down on the flowery grass, and there,
Exempt from toil and trouble, chew the cud ;
Nor, if the flies annoyed him, did he care ;
In the still waters, and the cooling mud,
He stood, and whisked them off, till the god
claimed his blood.

Then would the priests come round him, and
would bind

Around his white horns wreaths of fragrant
flowers;

And, scarcely was he, even then, confined;—
With fetlocks clean and free, from pleasant
bowers,

Was he led gently forth, while round him,
showers

Of leaves were falling, that rich perfume shed,
Beneath his feet;—then were the heavenly
Powers

Religiously invoked;—then, reverently led
Around the pillar'd fane, the blameless victim
bled.

Such sacrifices Paul, at Lystra, met;
Such victims saw, upon Athenian ground;
The very stones, that, with their blood were wet,
I've trod upon at Athens; and around
That pillar'd temple walked, where they,
unbound,

And garlanded, had, in procession* gone.
Then did my thoughts run backward, till I
 found
The past restored, that ages had withdrawn,—
And things in Athens stood, as in the gospel's
 dawn.

Then said I to my soul—‘ Could Christian
 Truth,
As hither led by the apostle Paul,
Just from her cradle,— could her voice, in
 youth,
Shake all these marble temples to their fall,
Those altars overturn, that, over all
The plains around, were sending up their
 smoke,
Drown every voice, on idols wont to call,
Hush that, which from Trophonius' cavern
 broke,
And Delphi's oracle, and even Dodona's oak ;

* The Panathenean procession.

Could her young hand beard old Idolatry,
By Art adorned, and sanctified for ages,
When round his temples nations bent the knee,
And when his glories graced the historian's
pages;

When by bards celebrated, and by sages,
Whose eloquence and wisdom still are pouring
Their light, to lead men on, through all the
stages

Of the mind's progress, ev'n when it is soaring
Up to its Infinite Source, and at his feet adoring;

And, can it not o'erthrow, or even shake,
The idolatry that earth and Heaven abhor?
The idolatry that dares a **MAN** to take,
And to a *thing* convert him! — and what for?
Why wage against him this perpetual war?
Why gash his body thus? To give his blood,
An offering, not to Scandinavian Thor,
Or Woden, but to the gold-headed god,
To which my country kneels, and trembles at
at his nod.

‘ Alas, it cannot ! for this metal Power
Hath caught, and bound, and made a cowering
slave,

The Truth, that stood up, in her natal hour,
Free handed, and omnipotent to save !

The young Redeemer, that came forth, so brave,
Goddess and god to challenge, and o'ercome,
Hath felt this idol's touch ; and she who drove
The gods from all these fanes, now craves a
crumb

From Mammon's table ; takes, and eats it,
and — is dumb !

‘ Wake from your sleep of ages, Noble Men !
Martyrs to Truth and Liberty, return !
Lift up your mighty voices yet again,
As here they once were lifted, till men spurn
All that is base or bloody ! Let the urn,
That held your ashes, keep alive your fire,
And kindle it within us, till *we* burn,
Like you, with an unquenchable desire,
To draw the feet of man from Mammon's
yellow mire,

' And set them firmly on the Eternal Rock !
There shall he stand and battle for the right,
Unmoved, sustaining the severest shock
Of adverse powers ; — while all the hosts of
light,
In heavenly armor, aid him in the fight,
Till no more victims shall to Mammon bleed,
Till Freedom's every foe is put to flight,
Till every slave on the round earth is freed,
And every man's a man, and God is God
indeed ! '

Boston, November, 1843.

REMINISCENCES.

BY WILLIAM ADAM.

EVERY body is acquainted with Foster's searching disquisition on a man's writing his own memoirs; but there is one kind or form of an autobiography, of which I do not recollect that he has taken any notice. It is that which would consist, not in tracing the development of the whole man, in all his dispositions and habits, opinions and principles, simultaneously; but in seizing on some one disposition or habit, opinion or principle, specific and distinct in its nature, and characteristic of the individual, and in tracing *that* to its origin, and from its origin to the full maturity and consistency which it possesses in his actual being. This exercise would be salutary

to all, and it would be particularly instructive to those who have been accustomed to study the operation of their own minds, and watch the formation of their own characters. It would be a useful mode of performing the religious duty of self-examination, urged by devotional writers; and while, on the one hand, it would often assist us to distinguish, with greater precision than most men now do, an opinion from a principle, and a prejudice from both,—it would, also, on the other, enable us to perceive how that which was originally a feeling produced by the impression of external circumstances and influences on the senses, or an emotion deriving all its authority from instinctive sympathy, gradually expanded into a sober, well-considered, and conscientious conviction of the reason, or into a strong, unreasoning, absurd, and unjust prejudice.

Take, for instance, the subject of slavery. Every one knows how he feels, thinks, and

acts regarding that institution. How has he come to feel, think, and act as he does? By what external influences, by what inward processes of thought, has he arrived at his present estimate of it, its causes, conditions, and effects? Has he been a passive recipient of other men's ideas? Or has his mind been active, discriminating, and independent, in the exercise of its judgement? Has he derived his knowledge of it from personal observation, or from the information of others? Has he been carried away by the tide of opinion, either for or against it, in the social circle in which he moves? Does he judge of it by its practical details, as far as they are known to him? Or has he subjected it to the test of interest, private interest, class or party interest, national interest? Or does he approve or condemn it on the truer ground of fixed moral principle? These are questions which every one must answer, if at all, for himself and to

himself. The following brief and imperfect recollections on this subject possess no peculiar value, except as part of a chapter in the history of an individual mind, and an illustration of the kind of retrospection and introspection which I recommend.

My first impressions of slavery were not founded on personal observation, but derived from second-hand authority. Are those only competent to judge of the nature of slavery who have witnessed its operation? This is often assumed, even when it is not asserted, by the advocates and apologists of slavery; but such an assumption is illogical, for all men are accustomed to judge of a principle or an act, of which they have not heard, by its conformity or non-conformity to reason and justice; and it implies, also, the rejection of human testimony, which is the source of nine-tenths of all our knowledge.

Those first impressions were unfavorable

to slavery, and were received at an unreasoning age. They were, therefore, prejudices or unreasoning judgement of the mind, just as much as the prejudices that take early root in other minds in favor of slavery. But all prejudices are not either necessarily wrong or necessarily right. No one can grow up without prejudices of one kind or another. All that we can do is, to know them for what they are, and not to invest them with the dignity of opinions or principles without the sober and independent judgement of matured reason. Let us retain only those prejudices which are agreeable, and reject those which are opposed to truth, justice, and humanity.

It was from the slave-trade that I obtained my first ideas of slavery. The writings and labors of Clarkson and his co-adjutors, with which I became acquainted at a very early age, have left an indelible impression on my mind of the horrors of the middle passage.

The connection between the slave-trade and slavery is close and intimate. Would there be any slave-trade, if slavery ceased? Could slavery subsist, if there were no slave-trading? We find men who are profuse in their condemnation of the African slave-trade, which is beyond their influence, and who have not a word to say against the American slave-trade, which is under their eyes. When we condemn the slave-trade, do we condemn a name or a thing? If a name, then how false the philanthropy which takes merit for condemning the African slave-trade! If something more than a name, then the mere change of a name from African to American does not alter the intrinsic vileness and atrocity of the thing, its degradation of humanity, and its arbitrary disruption of the holiest bonds of society. Slavery, as it exists in this country, consists in being and owning a slave, in possessing a *vendible* human being. Slavery and slave-trading,

although not absolutely inseparable, co-exist, produce and support each other, and should therefore receive the same unqualified condemnation.

The first notice I recollect to have seen of *American* slavery, was an account, written by an English spectator, of a sale at some great slave-mart in this country. It must now be upwards of thirty-five years since I read the description, and I have forgotten the name of the place. The sale was followed by the separation of parents from their children, and wives from their husbands; and at that time, probably, knowing nothing more of America than that account contained, I conceived of it as a barbarous and uncivilized country, where the grossest acts of inhumanity were publicly practiced and tolerated. I have since lived a chief part of my life among heathen, (so called,) and in a country held by Christians generally to be barbarous and uncivilized; and

with one exception,—the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands, which has lately been almost wholly abolished,—I cannot call to mind any practice or institution, approved and sanctioned by the voice of society, that is a more distinctive mark of heathenism, barbarism, and the absence of civilization, than slavery and slave-trading. Let us call things by their right names. The country where slavery, slave-owning, slave-holding, slave-breeding, and slave-trading, are legal and reputable, whatever its inhabitants may profess, is barbarous in its manners, uncivilized in its institutions, and heathen in its religion.

My early acquaintance with the writings of Clarkson, and others of that class, first developed in my mind that hatred of oppression and injustice, which I trust I shall always retain, and naturally prepared the way for the adoption of those liberal opinions in politics, the

practical application of which I believed to be the best safeguard against the abuses of power. While in this state of mind, residing in Calcutta, in 1818, I met with Mr. Colman and Mr. Wheelock, two American Baptist missionaries, who, on their arrival from the United States, were received as guests by the missionary family to which I belonged; and in conversing with the former gentleman on the subject of slavery, I urged the inconsistency of that institution with the free principles of government professed by the people of the United States. His answer was, that Englishmen should be the last to reproach Americans with that inconsistency, since it was England that had entailed the curse of slavery on America. I had not been reproaching him or his country, but pointing out, in an amicable way, what appeared to me a glaring inconsistency, and I was struck by the apparent testiness which this response evinced. It silenced me at that time, and even

now it seems to me to possess force, provided that the respondent really feels that slavery is a curse, and acts accordingly; but it has no force from the lips of those who cherish slavery as good, or who are indifferent or inactive for the removal of such an evil. England, however criminal, was at heart consistent in introducing slaves and slavery into the American colonies; for the spirit of her government has always been arbitrary and despotic, its form monarchical and aristocratic. The many have been and are governed for the benefit of the few, and slavery, in one form or another, is the necessary result of such a system of government. If, in the progress of liberal principles of government, better views begin to prevail, shall Englishmen of this day not be permitted to repent, reform, regret past injustice, and sympathise with the victims of present crime and inhumanity, and that the more because the crime and inhumanity which are now

placed beyond their control can be traced to the guilty participation of England's former rulers? But if England was consistent in crime—in the slavish principles and practice of government, both at home and abroad, too late and too imperfectly repented and abandoned—where shall we find the consistency of the American people, resisting tyranny and oppression with one hand, and practicing still greater with the other—shouting Liberty and Equality with one breath, and in the next breath, from the same lungs, condemning prostrate millions to slavery and unrequited labor? The thing is a monstrosity in morals and government, to which no parallel, at least in degree, can be found in the whole history of the human race. No people has professed and established free principles of government with greater fulness and beauty; and no nation has set at naught its own vaunted principles with more selfish and shameless audacity. Just in

proportion to the excellence of the principles is the grossness of the inconsistency. The abuse of what is good is bad in the degree of its goodness. If we cannot act up to the principles of free government we profess, let us at least have the honesty and self-respect to abandon them. If slavery must continue to exist in the United States as a cherished institution, let us eschew republicanism and democracy, liberty and equality, and all the mere phrases with which we are accustomed to cheat ourselves and each other into the belief that we are a free and a freedom-loving people.

In reverting to the period between 1818 and 1838, I am struck with the fact, that although I was in frequent and intimate personal communication with most of the American gentlemen, who, either as supercargoes or masters of vessels, during that period frequented the port of Calcutta, yet I do not recollect that I ever

made slavery in this country a subject of special inquiry. I studied with deep interest every work, to which I could obtain access, illustrative of the political institutions of America, such as John Adams's work on Government, Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, the Federalist, Marshall's Life of Washington, Jefferson's Correspondence, the Annual Messages of Presidents, besides frequent files of newspapers, and the most popular works on America by French and English writers, such as those of a Stuart, Duncan, Hamilton, Hall, Martineau, De Tocqueville, &c.; and yet, with all these means of information, and while engaged in the express and continued investigation of the theory and practice of this republican government, I never obtained a clear and distinct perception of the true relation which slavery bears to it. The existence of slavery in combination with the purest principles of political government, puzzled and confounded

me, but I was accustomed to consider it as wholly unconnected with the free States, and as an institution which even the slave States were anxiously endeavoring to provide the means of eradicating. This view I probably derived from the accounts I met with of the Colonization Society, and of certain proceedings in the Virginia Legislature. I now see that the slaveholding interest has been a mainspring, if not *the* mainspring in the government, from the commencement, and that it is undermining,—I do not ascribe *malice prepense*,—but that it is in fact undermining the civil, political, and religious liberties of the free States. The man who does not see this may be a very honest man, and worthy of all confidence for his good intentions, but I cannot respect him for his perspicacity, or trust his judgement or foresight, or even his clear-sighted vision of what is actually before his eyes. I say this with such an approach to impartiality

as may be attained by some effort and a somewhat favorable position; for I am neither a citizen of the United States, nor, although not a 'no-government' man, do I acknowledge allegiance to any other existing government. I obey the laws of the country in which I reside, when they do not require me to violate any moral principle; and I endeavor to judge of such a question as slavery unbiased by local or national prepossessions. To me, thus judging, it appears that the constitution and laws, the institutions and government of the United States, with all their acknowledged excellences, constitute the most monstrous system of self-contradictions that civilization has ever presented.

* * * * *

TO AMERICA.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

WHEN old Europe blazons, proudly,
 Volumes of historic fame ;
You, more loftily and loudly,
 Echo young Columbia's name :
When we boast of Guadalquivirs,
 Thames and Danubes, Elbes and Rhones ;
You rejoice in statelier rivers —
 Mississippi — Amazons !

Many a poet, many a pæan,
 Shouts our mountain-songs, and tells
Alpine tales, or Pyrenean —
 Snowden, Lomond, Drachenfels !

But, across the Atlantic surges,
Andes higher claims prepares ;
Snow-crowned Chimborazo urges
Mightier sovereignty than theirs !

And if thus *your* works of nature
Our sublimest works outdo ;
Should not man, earth's noblest creature,
Should not man be nobler too ?
From our crouching, cowed example,
When your Pilgrim fathers fled,
Reared they not a prouder temple,
Freedom's temple, o'er your head ?

Tyrant-stories stain *our* pages ;
Priests and kings have forged *our* chains ;
Ye were called to brighter ages ;
Ye were born where Freedom reigns ;
Many a dreary, dark disaster,
Here has dug the freeman's grave ; —
Ye have never known a master —
How can *ye* endure — **A SLAVE** ?

THE MELANCHOLY BOY.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

A FRIEND once related to me the following anecdote of a child.

I knew, he said, a little boy, who was one of the best little fellows that ever lived. He was gentle and kind to his companions, obedient to his parents, good to all. His home was in a small country village, but he was very fond of wandering into the neighboring fields, when his tasks were all over. There, if he saw a young bird that had fallen to the ground before it could fly, he would pick it up gently, and put it back into its cradle nest. I have often seen him step aside, lest he should tread on an ant hill, and thus destroy the industrious little creatures' habitation. If a child smaller than

himself was carrying a heavy basket or bundle, he would always offer to help him. Was any one hurt, or unhappy, Harry was quick to give his aid, and his sympathy. He was ever ready to defend the weak, and he feared not the strong. Did any one say a harsh word to Harry, he gave him a kind one in return. I have known him to carry more than half his breakfast to a little lame boy, whose mother was poorer than his own. He was brave and true; he would confess his own faults; he would hide those of others.

Harry had a thirst for knowledge. He got all his lessons well at school, and he stood high in his class. But what he was particularly remarkable for, was his love of all beautiful things, and most especially of wild flowers. He would make wreaths of them and give them to his mother, and he was very fond of putting one on my study table, when he could contrive to place it there without my

seeing him. Harry knew all the green nooks where the *Housatonia* was to be found in the early spring, and it was he that ever brought me the beautiful Gentian that opens its blue-fringed petals in the middle of the chilly October day. On Sunday, and on all holidays, Harry always had a flower, or a bit of green in the button-hole of his jacket. Every sunny window in his mother's house had an old useless teapot or broken pitcher in it, containing one of Harry's plants, whose bright blossoms hid its defects and infirmities. He also loved music passionately; he whistled so sweetly that it was a delight to hear him. Yet there was something in his notes that always went to your heart and made you sad, they were so mournful.

Often, in the summer time, Harry would go, toward evening, into the fields, and lie down in the long grass; and there he would look straight up into the clear blue sky, and whistle

such plaintive tunes, that, beautiful as they were, it made your heart ache to hear them. You could not see him,—you only heard him,—and it seemed as if it was the song of a spirit you were listening to.

Alas! Harry was not happy; God's glorious world was all around him, his soul was tuned to the harmony of heaven, and yet his young heart ached, and tears, bitter, scalding tears, often ran down his smooth round cheek, and then he would run and hide his head in his mother's lap, that blessed home for the troubled spirit.

One day, I discovered the cause of Harry's melancholy. I was returning from a walk, and saw him at a little brook that ran behind my house, washing his face and hands vehemently, and rubbing them very hard. I then remembered that I had often seen him there doing the same thing. 'It seems to me, Harry,' I said, 'that your face and hands are clean

now; and why do you rub your face so violently?' 'I am trying,' he said, 'to wash away this color; I can never be happy till I get rid of this color; if I wash me a great deal, will it not come off at last? The boys will not play with me; they do not love me, because I am of this color; they are all white. Why, if God is good, did He not make me white?' and he wept bitterly. 'Poor dear little boy,' I said, and took him in my arms and pressed him to my heart! 'God is good; it is man that is cruel.'

OUR RELIANCE.

BY R. R. MADDEN.

Who hath devoted, truly, hand and heart
To this great cause, and long hath taken part
Against Oppression,—fearlessly defied
Its wealth, its power, cupidity and pride,—
Who ever struggled with its interests vile,
And hath not felt, at times, as if the guile,
Injustice, fraud, and cruelty, combined
In slavery, had been by fate designed
To thrive and prosper; while poor Freedom's
best
And fairest hopes seemed doom'd to be deprest?
Who, in the long contention with this crime,
In every change of conflict and of clime,
With feeble means, but yet determined will,
To close and grapple with this giant ill,

Ne'er felt the sad conviction in his breast,
He warred with wrongs he should not see
redrest?

So long endured, connived at, or concealed,
The wonder seems such things should be
revealed;

For old abuses ill can bear the light;

(The worse, indeed, the longer out of sight.)

And still, official wisdom will suggest,

Beware of meddling with a hornet's nest;

Disclaim the act which makes these evils
known,

Denounce its rashness, run its author down;

Discredit him who dares to tell the truth,

And if the interests he offends, in sooth,

Are strong and influential at the time,

Uphold the same and tolerate the crime.

From old Las Casas' time, to Clarkson's day,

The course of Freedom, seek it where we may,

'Did never yet run smooth ;' and few have seen

And traced that cause, and found it so, I ween.

They who would trace it still, and stem the
stream

Of vile oppression, yet who idly dream
The state, its statutes, treaties, or its sword,
A sure protection to this cause afford,
Form an erroneous estimate indeed,

And lean on that which proves a broken reed.
Oh ! if there were no higher, holier trust,

How had our hopes been buried in the dust !

How had the bravest spirit been cast down,
The noblest efforts stript of their renown !
The toil of Clarkson's glorious life been lost,
Or robbed of merit gained at such a cost.

How would the humbler champions of the
cause

Have sunk, in conflict with inhuman laws !

How might the best and bravest of the band
Of Freedom, even in her boasted land, —
Republican America, — have ceased
To hope, where hope itself the strife increased !
How might the guardian women, who have
given

To this great work the noblest gifts of Heaven,
The high-souled servants of this cause, have
left

Its mournful field, of life and soul bereft!

O, in the justice of this cause, indeed —

In that Eternal Justice hath decreed

Truth shall prevail — our sole reliance lies!

A thousand foes, that seemed its friends, may

rise

To mar our efforts; — still, they shall not fail,

For Truth is great, and must at last prevail.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BY SUSAN C. CABOT.

I CANNOT feel satisfied without having a few more words with you upon the subject we were discussing last evening. You said, in reply to some of the remarks I made upon the necessity of our doing all we could for the slaves, that you found so much evil around you to overcome, so much care to be bestowed upon those nearest to you, that you had no time or thought to bestow upon the slaves; and then you cited injustice and wrong-doing towards those, who, while they were not called slaves, were yet treated as badly by those who thought, because they paid money for their services, that they had a right to be as selfish and inhuman in their requirements of them as their bad pas-

sions might dictate. No one can say or feel too much for these wrongs, (done by *Christians!*) and most heartily do I sympathise with your strong indignation upon the subject. But should this sympathy with one source of suffering, shut the heart against other sources, or cancel its obligations to extend its sympathies and keep up the sacred fire which burns for oppressed humanity ?

How can it be that you, breathing the air of freedom; at liberty to go on your errands of mercy; to say, 'I am the free child of God, and him will I serve; there is no one to make me afraid; I have nothing to fear but my own bad passions; no chains but those I fasten upon myself; — how is it that you can say you have not time to feel for all that suffer, but above all for those in bondage? The heart does not ask for time to love; in its infinite capacity, it feels no limits. No — I do not think this is the difficulty; for I have known those whose daily

and hourly life seemed one act of Christian devotion to the wants and rights of those nearest, show such a sympathy and zeal for those who were far remote, that the heart seemed to return with redoubled tenderness and strength, as if it had gained new convictions and new energies in proportion to the number of human souls it had embraced.

There is one lesson we all must learn, and that is, that the house that happens to be over our own heads, or the neighborhood we happen to live in, does not contain souls more precious to God than any other souls he has formed; that his eye is not dazzled by the ease and elegance which excite our self-complacency; that the humble prayer of the slave ascends as freely to him as do the petitions of those who lie upon beds of down. This, perhaps, we all acknowledge with the lips, but do we take the fact within our hearts, and do we let it remain there long enough to come out a

living reality ; to become a part of our spiritual being ? This, doubtless, is a hard lesson ; it comes across all the prejudices and associations that have grown up with us from our earliest infancy ; for we come into this world taking possession, and are received as if it was made only for ourselves ; and seldom are we taught otherwise, except by the passions of those, who, having the same convictions with ourselves, dispute the right with us ; and so we gradually take root in this selfish soil, and look upon those who have not actually come in contact with us, but as trees walking ;—and so do they remain to us till our inward eye is open, and we learn that all are equal in the sight of God, and all are recreant to his divine law, till they have thrown off the network of selfishness, and come out free beings into the upper air, where with clear vision they can look abroad and ask, ‘ What shall we do to entitle ourselves to the inheritance which opens itself upon our enlarged vision ? ’

We must not do God's work by halves. If it is right to lessen the burthen we *do* see, it is also right to do what we can to lessen that which we do *not* see. The burthen is just as heavy, and oh! how much heavier, that has no human sympathizing eye to pity it.

Let me make one more remark, and I have done. Is there not great danger, that, with all our convictions and acknowledgements to the contrary, the covering that God has been pleased to put upon the negro hides from our faithless hearts the truth that he is as one of us? And does not that make us more busy in our home charities, which have but one complexion, than we otherwise should be, when called upon to help those who are indeed distant? If our slaves had our skins, would it be so difficult to find time to think about them? I ask these questions without fear of giving offence, for I know your benevolence, how wide it is. I feel sure that if I have touched

upon a tender place, you will courageously touch it again, and ascertain whether there be any real unsoundness there; and, cost what it may, will take the necessary remedies for restoring health to the sick part. After this, I say nothing in extenuation of my frankness.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

HAIL to thee, beautiful pilgrim, who dost now
Walk through the unseen heavens, and draw-
est near!

Down the proud sun has sunk, and left no
trace,

But one most royal and resplendent cloud,
All waved and braided with celestial hues —
Flushed through with deluging glories. As
they fade,

I turn in quest of thee; for, on this night,
On such a summer slope, in years gone past,
I waited for thee, girt by loving hearts.

Up! for all heaven is thine! No cloud, no
star

Hovers above, but from below are turned
A thousand radiant eyes, a thousand hearts,
To mark thine advent; for the husbandman
Claims thee by ancient right, and fondly deems
That thou wilt even abjure thy love of change
To bless his unhoused shocks! But lo! thou
com'st!

Beautiful! oh! most beautiful! Fair orb,
With what a heavenly, an imperial calm,
Dost thou ascend the sky! How the warm
earth

Drinks in thy affluent beauty; — yon far woods,
With homage of their shadowy solitude,
Repay thy beams; and silvery voices ring
From yellow ridges, and dim winding vales.

Never did majesty so crown thy brow
As in this hour. Not, when from highest
heaven

Thou flood'st the spotless, pure, and starry sky
With thy effulgence; nor when piping winds
Wing the white clouds athwart thy glittering
disk.

Broad, bright, and solemn, from the horizon
dun

Thou floatest up, nor can the eye pass on,
As it is wont, from thy half-noticed face,
With scarce a thought, a feeling, but impressed
Palpably with thy greatness, rests in awe
As on the bosom of a mighty world.

Oh! glorious object! when shall there be
given

Answer unto the questions numberless
Of what thou art, — thus linked into our fate,—
Attendant, yet eternally cut off,—
Familiar, yet a mystery? What life
Thrills in thy vales? What nations populate
Those tracts on which I gaze? As to our
globe

Thy placid sphere is knit, are they to us
By some invisible bond? Art thou indeed
A glorious habitation in heaven's calm,
Swathed in blue air; with pageantry august
Of lustrous, living, ever-shifting clouds

Fair canopied ; and where the winged winds,
In woods, and wilds, and on vast roaring seas,
Make music ; and shake out the fragrant breath
Of beautiful flowers, in sunny vales, on plains,
And solitary mountains ? Art thou this
To frail and perishable things, which yet,
In their confined and flitting life, are torn
By their tempestuous passions, — envy, hate,
Fever of rule, fierce lust of blood and gold, —
Till they do blast the paradise they tread
Into a desolate hell, and send the sighs
Of a lamenting spirit, a dim woe,
And the sirocco breath of shrivelling crime,
Through all thy fairy realms ; till even love
Is but a feverish pain, passion is gross,
And hope, which should invigorate like the sun,
Wearies the heart to sickness ? Hast thou, too,
Slaves, who do groan through centuries of
wrong ?
Exiles, heart-wasting for their own far land ?
And dungeon captives, writhing in the coils

Of dragon power? Weak, wearing for the
strong?

Poor, for the pitiless? Good, for the brute base?
And that most blinding curse of honest eyes,
The villainous perpetrator of dark deeds,
Revelling in sunny and admired ease?

What! can it be, that mid yon tranquil light
Are reared the thrones of mighty monarchies?
Thrones, built above the sullen dens of Power?
Thrones, behind which, in everlasting gloom,
The chains and tortures of dominion lie?
Thrones, in whose presence millions are bowed
down,

In adulation and in abjectness;
Quenching within their souls God's lofty life;
Forgetting all the glory of their hopes;
Their birthright; their endowments manifold;
And cringing to a creature like themselves?
Thrones, whence go forth the wingèd words
of death?
The cry, — to kill, to devastate, to quench, —

Through wide, fair realms, unto the very bounds
Of the bright planet,—peace, wealth, happiness,

The painful growth of many happy years,
But which, at once, beneath rapacious hands,
And 'neath the tread of many thousand feet,
And 'neath the rampant recklessness of fire,
Vanish, and leave one wide, blank waste of
woe !

Fair world ! in thee do pilgrims to and fro
Wander, as here, to witness scenes like these ?
And do they visit, with deep-musing hearts,
Realms which for ages have been overthrown ;
Their laws, their cities, and their very gods,
Buried beneath the night of hoary years ?

But vainly do my thoughts assay thy state ;
Vainly— as now, perchance, some vessel beats,
With restless prow, the billows of thy seas,
But finds not port. Enough ! God watches thee ;
Enough ! enough ! that thou art beautiful !

THE BLIND KING.

Translated from the German of Ludwig Uhland,

BY MARY HOWITT.

WHAT brings this host of Northmen grim
To the wild shores of the sea?
And, with his gray hair floating dim,
The blind king, why comes he?
On his tall staff supported,
In bitter woe he cried,
Till o'er the ocean-channel
The stormy isle replied:

' Robber ! from thy rock-fortress strong,
Give back my daughter dear ;
Her tuneful voice, her gentle song,
Made glad life's winter drear ;

On her, the green shore pacing,
Rushed thou, the robber-foe ;
'T is thy eterne disgracing ;
It bows my gray head low !'

Forth from his cave, with that, outsprung
The robber, wild and large ;
His huge Hun-sword in his hand he swung,
And smote upon his targe.
' By many a watch defended,
How came this thing to be ?
By warriors stout attended,
Yet fights no one for thee ?'

The warriors stood in silent doubt, —
Forth from his place stept none ;
The blind king turned him round about, —
' Am I then quite alone ? ' —
Then seized the father's right hand,
His ardent son so young ;

' Grant me that I may fight him —
I feel my arm is strong ! '

' Son, he hath giant might, the foe,
No man may 'gainst him stand ;
Yet thou hast valorous pith, I know,
By the pressure of thy hand !
Take, then, the old death-giver,
The Scaldic prize to th' brave ;
And if thou fall, the river
Shall be the old man's grave ! '

But hush ! through foam and eddy, now,
The boat is onward bound ;
The blind king stands with bick'ring brow,
And all is silent round ;
Till from afar ascendeth
The clash of shield and sword,
And battle-cry that blendeth
With echo's dull accord.

Then spake he, joyful, yet afraid,
‘ Tell me, what doth appear ?
I know, by its good clang, my blade,
It ever rung so clear ;
The robber’s hours are counted ;
His bloody wage is won !
Hail, hero all undaunted !
Hail to thee, brave king’s son !’

Again, and all is still around,
The king doth listening stand :
‘ What’s this I hear — this rushing sound
Of moving to the land ?’
They are coming o’er the water,
Thy son, with sword and shield,
And she, thy gentle daughter,
The sunny-haired Gunilde !

‘ Right welcome !’ cried the blind old king,
From a lofty rock beneath ;

Now joy around my age will spring,
And honor mark my death!
Thou wilt lay, my son, beside me,
That sword of metal strong;
And thou, Gunilde, the fond one,
Wilt sing my funeral song!"

PATER NOSTER.

BY AMASA WALKER.

A POOR mendicant once called at the house of a rich Bishop, not remarkable for his benevolence, and asked for food. The Bishop, after hearing his story, ordered his servants to bring the beggar a mouldy crust of bread. When he had thus satisfied his conscience by this act of charity, he proceeded to ask the hungry man whether he could read? No, said the beggar. Can you say the Lord's prayer? No, continued the mendicant, I don't know what the Lord's prayer is. Then you should know, said the reverend prelate; I will teach you, and you must repeat it after me. 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' began the priest. The beggar looked him full in the face, and asked,

with great emphasis and emotion, *Our Father*, did you say? Aye, said the Bishop. Then, said the beggar, you and I are *brothers*. Why — yes, replied the Bishop. Then, continued the beggar, how could you turn off a starving brother with a mouldy crust of bread?

What a just comprehension was that, of the beautiful exordium to the Lord's prayer. What an admirable commentary did this ignorant beggar make upon it. What learned theologian ever made one equal to it? What moral philosopher ever discovered more truly the grand and noble idea of man's universal brotherhood? What a text! **OUR FATHER!** — what a doctrine; we are all brothers! — what an inference; then we should treat each other as such! But are all mankind brothers? Yes, truly, if the Lord's prayer is for universal use; if we are all the children of a common Father, who, if he be a good parent, must love all his offspring alike. The colored man and white man

brothers? Yes. And the colored man is in bondage, is robbed of his all, of his liberty, his family, and every thing that man holds dear; and now he presents himself at the door of the white man, and asks — for what? For his freedom, for the privilege of taking care of himself, of enjoying the fruits of his own hard and honest toil, and the safe and legal possession of his own wife and children; and what answer will the white brother give? Will he turn him off with a mouldy crust? That is the question proposed to us, the people of the free States of America. The slave does not ask his master to set him free. That would be useless, that would only bring upon him additional stripes and severer toil; but he does come to *us* and ask for that liberty which is so unjustly and cruelly denied him. Shall we reject his prayer? He asks for the united public sentiment of the world, demanding his liberation. He asks that the Press should

raise its voice in his behalf, and that those who feel for him should go forth on errands of mercy and proclaim to the world the story of his sad condition ; that, by these means, light may be diffused, and the effective sympathies of the world be enlisted in his cause. This he asks, as a brother ; and shall we deny him ? All this will cost money to be sure ; but shall we withhold it ? Shall we let our brother suffer and perish in his chains ? Let us not attempt to dodge this question. No. Let us meet it, fully, boldly, fairly meet it ; and let our hearts respond before the tribunal of Conscience, and say what we ought to give to help our brother.

There are some men,—aye, and so-called ministers of the gospel, too,—who would dismiss the needy brother with a mouldy crust of bread, and cover their cold-hearted selfishness by a hypocritical show of giving him ‘ORAL religious instruction ;’ but all this will not do ; it will not meet the wants of the slave,

nor can it satisfy the man who recognzses in every fellow-man a brother, and feels the obligation of that heavenly injunction, 'As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them'; or recollects the exclamation of the apostle, 'Whosoever hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?'

And now the Liberty Bell calls you to the door of the Christmas Anti-Slavery Fair, where your enslaved brother stands shivering with cold, and trembling with fear; with a down-cast, yet hopeful, wishful eye, waiting to see what you will give him to make his heart and the hearts of his wife and little ones rejoice in all the blessings of heaven-bestowed freedom. Say, man, woman, child, *will you turn him off with a mouldy crust of bread?*

TO A FRIEND,

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR'S AID AND PRAYERS FOR THE SLAVE.

BY EMILY TAYLOR.

'PITY and prayers and pleadings for the
SLAVE !'

These thou didst ask, and, soon as asked, I
gave:

Yet still I deem'd a stronger claim behind,
And long I waited, hopeful for my kind:
Is there no lot, more sad beyond compare,
Than even the slaves' ?—no louder call for
prayer ?

Is there no being that, from morn till night,
Tasks his whole soul to prove that wrong is
right ?

No man, no brother, in whose moral life

Peace cannot be, but one perpetual strife ?
Servant and slave himself, despite the show
Of limbs unchained, free movements, open
brow ?

No *master* he, — still less the meaner tool
Who holds the weapons of that savage rule : —
No — high in seats of intellectual power,
Sit they, the self-subdued, who grieve me
more.

Theirs is the senate — theirs the pulpit —
press —
Minds given to strengthen man, and hearts to
bless ;
Theirs was the power — but early in the race
They paused, they wavered — meaner souls
gave chase

And bore them on to their appointed place,
To sit, the conquerors, yet themselves, the
while,

Subdued, though silent, ministers of guile.
Alas for them, when Freedom's friends advance,

Firm in their steps and cordial in their glance !
How dull and dead the once familiar eye !
What chilling doubts, what straiten'd sympathy !
Not theirs to brand, nor torture — if they can,
They win to reason the impatient man :
Tell him of times (how far remote !) to be,
When duty *may* be done, and slaves go free ;
When signs and portents shall announce the
fact,
That God approves a just and righteous act ;
But, till that hour, 't is treason, robbery, wrong,
To aid the weak in combat with the strong.
And they who Wisdom's highest counsels
know,
Will turn aside and let the rash fools go.
Can such things be, and prayer be duly
made
For slaves, for prisoners, and our voice be
stayed ?
Shall we not say, and with a swelling heart,
Oh ! from this sad, this soul-debasing part,

Save, Lord, our best and dearest! — From
their breast

Chase, thou who canst, this demon of unrest.

Give them to feel where brotherhood may be,
In faith, in love, in simple trust in thee.

As thy kind gifts have bless'd them, as the glow
Of love is in their hearts, their homes, do thou
Vouchsafe that higher, more transcending grace,
To shed this beaming love o'er all their race.

As their high thoughts point heav'nward, may
they know

That equal Heaven but ripens what we sow.
No charm in death to change the natural fruit,
From poisonous stems bid healing branches
shoot;

No quick conversion of a mind imbued
With jealous fears, to Freedom's generous
mood.

Growth, — inward, upward, — still must mark
the mind

For Heaven's communion fitted and designed.

So be thou faithful found, brave heart! and
rise
On to new tasks and wider sympathies :
Cheer up thy sluggish brethren in the race !
Keep on thy steady, but perpetual pace ;
The calmness of a soul whose way is clear,
Light up thine eye, give quickness to thine ear ;
So our low whispers, breathing o'er the sea,
Of peace and blessing, shall be dear to thee ;
And in our Father's land, before the throne,
Rejoicing spirits claim thee for their own.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

BY RICHARD D. WEBB.

A witty and sagacious friend of mine, in his sure and certain hope of the eventual progress of the human race, never allows himself to be discouraged by trifles. He declares, that though *we* cannot discern the march of improvement, time will surely reveal it. Being ephemeral, we cannot grasp either end of eternity in our mental vision. We must not expect the world will turn right end uppermost in our time. We die — but humanity lives — and what may not be hoped for from *a few thousand years*? Such is the philosophy of my hopeful friend, and I hold it to be sound.

I knew a good man who devoted much of

his time to the promotion of the education of the Irish poor. He was of a desponding temperament, and at the end of a long life he sighed over the trifling results of his labors; yet the progress which had been made through his exertions was sufficient to delight the hearts of those who were blessed with more hopeful dispositions.

When the Temperance reformation was commenced in Ireland, about fifteen years ago, the laborers in the cause required abundant faith, hope, and charity. The storm of ridicule and faint-hearted prophecy that assailed them from every side was enough to cool the ardor of all but those who were determined to perform their duty. A kind offer was at that time made by a jeering opponent,—that, as the Temperance Society would undoubtedly be dead within a twelvemonth, he would hold himself in readiness to officiate as chief mourner. We were then known as 'the drunken Irish,'

the most dissolute, reckless and forlorn nation in the civilized world. How is it now? You would now see more drunkenness in a week's journey through moral Scotland or mighty England, than in Ireland in a year. To whatever cause it be attributed, the wonderful change is accomplished. The fact is undeniable that here we are, a soberer eight millions than any other eight millions you will find on the same number of square miles the wide world over. A comfortable fact for the hopers, and a noble fact it is.

This being the case, it no longer seems so Utopian to look forward to the time when our ears shall be stunned with the hideous yet heavenly din that shall break forth when all men—with arms bared to the elbows, and wielding heavy hammers—shall set about beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, having ceased to learn war any more. I believe there are

thousands now loathing war and all its accessories, who thought little upon the subject a short time ago. There is no saying what may not be done by the indefatigable labors of a devoted few, who take any thing in hand for the good of humanity, with honest hearts and God's blessing upon their work. Garrison is not so generally esteemed a fool now, even in his own country, as he was some twelve or thirteen years ago. The golden rule is better understood now than formerly; the signs of the times are all in favor of liberty. We have the abolition of East Indian slavery to cheer us. Nine or ten millions freed there, by the honorable East India company, make a glorious addition to the few hundred thousand in the West Indies, who completed their apprenticeship on the 1st of August, 1838. In these days, emancipation passes for a great and godlike action,—and so it is. But the days shall come when it shall be seen to be but a

small part of the duty that man owes to his brother man, not to enslave and oppress him. Let us not despair. The force of circumstances, the gentle pressure of events, guided by the Divine hand, all tend towards the rapid overthrow of the reign of fraud and force and the triumph of Christianity and humanity. Be it ours to take hold on the right side, and *work*. We must not measure our exertions by their apparent effects. It is not for us to know the times or the seasons, the days or the years, which are in the hand of God alone. And let us remember that, as Wendell Phillips has admirably expressed it—‘We were not sent into the world to abolish slavery, but to do our duty.’

THE SLAVE-BOY'S DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH POOLE.

'ANOTHER of my brothers was sold to Mr. Tyler, Dewans's Neck, Pasquotank County. This man very much ill-treated many colored boys. One very cold day, he sent my brother out, naked and hungry, to find a yoke of steers; the boy returned without finding them, when his master flogged him, and sent him out again. A white lady, who lived near, gave him food, and advised him to try again; he did so, but it seems again without success. He piled up a heap of leaves and laid himself down in them, and died there. He was found through a flock of turkey buzzards hovering over him; these birds had pulled his eyes out.' — *Life of Moses Grandy, late a slave in the United States of America.* London: Charles Gilpin: 1843.

'Go seek my steers,' the master said,
With sullen brow and eye;
The sun gloomed out a dusky red,
And storms drove through the sky;
'Go seek my steers,' — young Grandy heard,
And went his way without a word.

He sought the steers through brake and glen,
Through cheerless wood and plain,
Beside the homes of toil-worn men,
That spoke of want and pain;
He passed the slaves in weary gang,
And heard the *cat's* heart-quivering clang.

He sought the steers through tangled ground,
Then climbed a neighboring height,
And with strained glances peered around,
But found no steer in sight.
The wind was high — 't was piercing cold —
And back his shivering way he told.

' Go seek my steers ! ' the master cried,
And flogged him forth anew;
The boy turned back, while new-born pride
Within his bosom grew,
And struggling fearfully, that thought
Above all former passions wrought.

Hungry and faint, he walked forlorn,
Relieved by strangers' bread ;
He sought the steers till early morn—
Glanced o'er the mountain's head ;
Then hopelessly he laid him down
Upon a heap of leaflets brown ;—

And there he lay, as grew the day,
Hungry, and faint, and pale ;
And there he lay, while sunset gay
Flushed all the western vale ;
And there he lay the lonely night,
With its far star-lights infinite.

His senses died, his soul went forth
On free and tireless wing ;
He left in peace this torturing earth,
A spirit's joy to sing,
And gladly closed his weary eyes,
To be awaked in paradise.

And none knew where the slave-boy lay,
Until the buzzards gave
Fierce notice of the shrunken clay,
And of the leafy grave,
Where the low wind's bewailing sigh
Sung the young wanderer's lullaby.

With nature and in peace he died,
Beside the ferny brake ;
The wild flowers smiling by his side,
The wavelets of the lake
Whispering soft music to his ear,
Long as the dying child could hear.

With nature, far from strife of men,
From fiendish lash and frown —
With nature, in the ferny glen,
Among the branches brown —
With nature, and with God, to bear
His unchained spirit through the air.

LEWIS HERBERT.

AN INCIDENT OF NEW-ENGLAND SLAVERY.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

‘WORDS are things,’ said Mirabeau, and very troublesome things men have sometimes found them. Abstract propositions are now and then as dangerous as edged tools. The ‘rhetorical flourish’ of the Declaration of Independence has produced effects, of which the honest men who uttered it never dreamed. It produced an explosion in France, which shook all the thrones of Europe, and unsettled the deepest foundations of old establishments. It has overthrown the domestic institutions of the British West Indies, and is even now threatening our

own with destruction. There is no telling where its ravages will be stayed. Indeed, a new idea is at any time a very dangerous thing to be allowed to go at large in a quiet community. If a man has hold of one, he must take care how he lets it go. If he cannot knock it on the head, let him make a cage for it in his own breast, where it may serve to divert himself and his particular friends occasionally; but let him beware how he turns it loose upon society. It will be almost sure to worry himself first of all, and then to play the very deuce in the neighborhood. And the mischief is, that when a new idea is once on foot, it is next to impossible to catch it or destroy it. And this, notwithstanding the respectable part of society has an instinctive antipathy to the anomalous monster, and does all it can to prevent its mischiefs and to despatch it, and that generally without much regard to the punctilios of the chase. The

world is sadly infested, at this moment, with these vermin. A man cannot be at peace in his study, his pulpit, his business, his sect, his party, or his possessions, for them. They respect not the old philosophies and theologies; they dabble in physic and in law; they buzz about in churches and capitols; they interfere between men and their spiritual and temporal masters; like harpies they carry away the very meat and wine from our tables; they demand a reconstruction of society; they even come betwixt us and our very bank stock and money bags. I wonder that the well disposed part of mankind do not make a grand *battue* for the extermination of these pests of the species. We shall never have a quiet world again until they do.

Our ancestors, of the times that tried men's souls, had their own experience of the impracticable nature of new ideas. The discussions which ushered in the great 'rhetorical flourish'

of the Fourth of July, 'that all men were created free and equal,' were not held in a corner, and would not always be limited to a fit audience. The slaves, as they stood behind their masters' chairs, (for be it known to our Southern brethren, that their favorite system, though ever a Patriarchal, was not always a peculiar one,) or mingled in the excited crowds in the streets, could not help hearing statements of general principles, which, though notoriously a stupid generation, they contrived to generalize sufficiently to make them include themselves. A practical consequence of these new ideas of human rights was, that many slaves made free with so much of their masters' property as was comprised within the circumference of their own skins, and, dispensing with the parental care under which they had grown up, rashly undertook the charge of themselves. Among this thoughtless and ungrateful class was Lewis, the slave of a wealthy

and distinguished New-England gentleman, whose real name I shall disguise under that of Herbert. Lewis was born in the house of Mr. Herbert, and had grown to manhood in his service. He had no reason to complain of harsh treatment, or of inattention to his bodily necessities. He had passed the middle period of life, and was not many years younger than his master, who ever treated him with much consideration and indulgence. In the realms of the kitchen he ruled with absolute sway,—one of those despots of whom most families, whose traditions reach so far back, have heard the fame and the deeds. Mr. Herbert scarcely dared to bring a friend home to dine with him without consulting the convenience of Lewis; and as to a dinner party, the master of the house knew himself to be but second in command on such a field day. Over the larder, the kitchen, the wine-cellar, the plate-chest and the china-closet, he reigned undisputed sovereign.

Notwithstanding his ample rule and high prerogatives, (and Lewis magnified his office,) he was never quite satisfied that he had his due. He heard the word slave used as the most ignominious epithet that could be applied to human infamy — and he learned to hate it. He heard the blessings of liberty extolled as the birthright of all mankind — and he wished to know what they were. He did not see (poor slave that he was !) why he should endure a condition which so many great men seemed to regard with such abhorrence, or why he had not as good a right to that freedom of which they discoursed so eloquently, as they had. I must do Mr. Herbert, however, the justice to say, that it was not from his lips, or in his house, that Lewis imbibed these extravagant ideas. He was (God help him !) a staunch Tory, and held all these leveling doctrines in utter abhorrence. But the air was tainted with them, and it is not to be wondered

at that poor Lewis should have been infected, especially as his temperament and condition pre-disposed him to receive the contagion. He was so severely afflicted, that he resolved to leave the home where he had been born and bred up, and where he enjoyed all the substantial goods of life, in pursuit of that phantom, Liberty—that *ignis fatuus*, which has often led men such a dance, and at last left them in the mire. Accordingly, one fine night, he left his master's house, with a heavy heart, and many tears; for the love of the African race for their homes and old familiar haunts, amounts to a passion. With many a bitter regret at leaving his old master and his young mistress, and with many a sigh at all he left behind, he fared forth in search of what great men have deemed but a name—of freedom and self-mastery. Whether his experience confirmed or confuted this philosophy, I am not able to say. All I know is, that he never returned to

his master's house, though he well knew that he would receive a joyful welcome, and full restitution to all his former dignities. Mr. Herbert, though grieved and hurt at the departure of Lewis, took no measures to recover his services, but suffered him to seek a better condition if he could find it.

* * * * *

Several years had passed away since the flight of Lewis, and no tidings had been heard of him. The cloud, which had been so long gathering, now brooded in blackness over the land, ready to burst upon it in a storm of desolation. Indeed the first red drops, the forerunners of the coming tempest, had already fallen at Lexington, and men were awaiting the general crash with hearts of mingled hope and fear. The siege of Boston was forming gradually, and the timid of either party were endeavoring to escape to it, or from it, according as their political principles led them to

welcome or to abhor the protection of the British crown. Mr. Herbert was a Royalist—the most loyal of the loyal. His faith in the omnipotence of the British Parliament was worthy of a Crown Lawyer. He believed that the struggle would soon be over, and its only result would be to establish King George III. more firmly than ever upon his throne in the hearts of his people. He had retired several years before to his country seat, about ten miles from Boston, and his advancing age and increasing infirmities indisposed him to a hasty removal to a beleaguered capital. Though he had held office under the crown, still he was not especially obnoxious to the popular side, and he hoped that he might be permitted to remain a quiet spectator of the struggle, unmolested by either party. He thought that an elderly man and his young daughter could not be regarded as very dangerous obstacles to the progress of a revolution. He hoped that age

and innocence might be safe from popular violence. But, good easy man, he had been brought up under the old ideas. Had he lived to this time, he would have known better.

It was a blustering evening, about the beginning of May, (not the May of the poets, but the May of New-Engand,) in the year of grace 1775. Mr. Herbert and his daughter, his only child, were seated together in the parlor (for in those days drawing-rooms were not) of his pleasant country house. The shutters were closed, and the heavy crimson curtain drawn, concealing the deep recesses for the windows and the inviting window-seats, now, alas ! seen no more below. The light of the noble wood fire, (always a necessary attendant of a New-England May, and that season was what Horace Walpole would have called a *hard* spring,) roaring up the ample chimney, its jambs adorned with Dutch tiles, and its mantel-piece, with carving in wood, of which Grin-

lin Gibbons need not have been ashamed, flashed comfortably back from the panneled walls, pleasantly overpowering the rays of the wax candles on the table. Every pannel of the wall supported a full length portrait of some of the ancestral Herberts, from the pencil of the Limberts and the Blackburns of the early provincial days, while upon two of them the magic art of Copley had impressed an immortal moment of the cheerful age and of the brilliant youth of the pair before us. Change but the brocaded dressing-gown and crimson velvet slippers of the old man for his claret-colored dress coat, with gold buttons and gold-buckled shoes, and divest his head of the black velvet skull-cap, turned up with white silk, and you could scarcely tell which was the picture and which the original. And under the green riding habit, heavily laced with gold, and the riding cap, with its black ostrich plume, you could not fail to discern the form and features

of the beautiful Emily Herbert. Curiously carved, high-backed arm chairs, cabinets that would have driven a modern collector mad, tables of every variety of shape, some grasping a huge ball in a single clawed foot, while others sustained themselves upon an unaccountable confusion of legs, and other strange furnitures, whereof modern upholstery knows not the names, were duly arranged in their proper places about the ample apartment. The survivors must blush at the confusion in which they now awake and find themselves, after their half century of sleep, in modern drawing-rooms. Books there were good store, and in the corner, by the door, a globe, brought from the library for some special consultation. The father and his fair child sat by the fire, beside a small table, upon which stood the supper tray. The repast was slight, but the display of plate was such as would be thought unbecoming the occasion in these days. But in that

world, before fancy stocks — when cities under water and railways to the Dismal Swamp were unimagined things, much capital, comparatively, was invested in plate. And these marks of wealth, reported by the British officers, who were feasted in Boston on their return from the conquest of Canada, are said to have been a main temptation to the ministry to seek to repair their necessities by the taxation of the Colonies. Tall decanters blushed with the glowing vintages of Madeira and Portugal, and beside them an exquisitely delicate bowl of curious China sent up the fumes of that punch, which was our fathers' 'earliest visitation and their last at even.'

The old man sat looking wistfully into the fire, while his daughter, leaning her cheek upon her hand, gazed anxiously upon his face; for those were days that made fair young brows look sad and thoughtful before their time. The clock in the hall had just struck

ten, when they were roused from their contemplations by the sudden opening of the door. They hastily looked round, and, to their surprise, the long lost Lewis stood before them. Time had somewhat altered him, and his whole air and bearing was changed from what it was of old, but he it was. 'So you have returned, at last,' began Mr. Herbert, but he was hastily interrupted by Lewis. 'Sir,' he exclaimed, in an earnest tone, 'you must instantly leave this house. You have not a moment to lose.' 'Leave my house! at this hour! why, pray?' 'Because the mob is coming, vowing your destruction, and that of all that belongs to you.' 'The mob! and for what?' 'They say that you have been the cause of all their troubles, that they have discovered letters and what not — but make haste, sir. They are close at hand. If you will listen, you can hear them even now.' He hastily opened the window, and a confused

murmur of voices was heard, approaching nearer and nearer. Mr. Herbert, who had started to his feet at the first address of his slave, now sunk despondingly back again in his arm chair. 'I cannot go,' said he; 'save my child, and leave me to my fate.' 'For God's sake,' exclaimed Lewis, 'rouse yourself. They will murder you. They swear that you are worse than Hutchinson, and that they will have your heart's blood.' The old man shook his head. 'Leave me,' said he faintly, 'and save her.' 'Dearest father, do you think I will leave you?' cried Miss Herbert, passionately embracing him; 'if you will stay, I will stay with you. But will you suffer your only child to see you murdered before her eyes, and then to be exposed to the fury of a rebel mob?' This expostulation seemed to revive him in some degree, and the resolution beaming from his daughter's eyes gave him new strength and courage. There was indeed no

time to lose. The shouts and imprecations of the excited populace were now too distinctly audible, as they approached the rear of the house. Mr. Herbert was almost carried out of the house, through the hall door, between his daughter and his slave. The house was about a quarter of a mile distant from the high road. There were no artificial grounds around it. The thick grass grew up to the door, and the natural lawn was irregularly dotted with aboriginal elms and oaks, which the axe of the pioneer had spared. At some distance on the left, the lawn was skirted by a young growth of forest trees. To this point Lewis first directed the steps of his charge, and under its shelter they approached the road, before the mob had reached the house. There he paused for a moment, to allow his companions to take breath, and to permit the stragglers, who were coming in from the country around, to leave the road free. They looked towards the house.

Lights were seen flashing at every window. The mob were in search of them. They could hear distinctly their curses of disappointment and rage. Presently the windows were dashed through, and the furniture thrown furiously out upon the lawn. The very quiet room, where, a quarter of an hour before, all had been peace and stillness, was stripped of all its treasures to heap high the bonfire which was to crown the orgies of the night. The mob had soon broken into the wine-cellar, and this circumstance, and the prospect of the 'festal blaze,' it is probable, was the safety of the fugitives, by delaying the pursuit. Presently the bonfire began to crackle and blaze, and the shouts became more and more ferocious under the combined influence of liquor and mischief.

Foolish tourists in America complain that we have no amusements in this country. I wish they could have been at Walnut Hill

that night. But they are a perverse generation. Have they never heard of our merry times of old, sacking Governor Hutchinson's house, and tarring and feathering obnoxious officials, and the grand old tea party of '75? And then our rare sport in burning Convents, and Halls dedicated to Freedom, and dragging insolent varlets about the streets, who dared to say that the Declaration of Independence meant any thing, and shooting them down at the doors of their printing offices! They might at least have remembered the fun we have had in hoaxing 'the English epicures' into investing their solid hoards in a very rotten commodity of ours, called Public Faith, worth about as much as a dicer's oath, or the bought smile of a prostitute. And our repudiation, too! If that be not an excellent jest, I should like to know what is? I say nothing of the royal pastimes of burning men alive, by a slow fire, of hunting negroes with bloodhounds and

rifles, of whipping women to death, and selling one's own children by the pound; for these are the recreations of our betters, the guarded prerogative of the privileged classes. This kind of game is strictly preserved and secured for the amusement of our masters, as the chase was in old time confined to the corresponding class in Europe. Like them, too, our lords claim the privilege of pursuing their game over the soil of their vassals. But, though shut out from these diversions of our superiors, we can still share with them the stirring excitement of the mob, the delicate pleasantry of repudiation, and the delicious irony of Lynch law. Why, what would these cavillers have? No amusements, indeed!

The blazing bonfire soon attracted all the loiterers in the road, and Lewis seized the opportunity to cross it, with his companions, into the fields beyond. He knew that the main roads in every direction would be soon thronged

by yet greater numbers, attracted by the blaze, and he pushed across the fields towards the sea shore, about two miles off, as the most probable way of concealment or escape. They hurried along, as fast as the infirmities of Mr. Herbert would permit, over the uneven surface of the land — and slow enough it seemed to his companions. The night was more like one in November than in May, and the chilly wind drifted the clouds in black masses over the waning moon. They accomplished in safety about half the distance, and found themselves in a lane leading to the coast. Here Mr. Herbert declared that it was impossible for him to proceed. It was in vain that his daughter and Lewis endeavored to reassure him and drag him forward. He sunk despondingly upon the ground. At that moment a single horseman rode up. He stopped to see what was the matter. The cloud passed from the moon for an instant, and he saw at a glance

how it was. ‘So the old rascal has got away,’ said he with an oath, ‘but I’ll soon bring those that will settle his business.’ He was just putting spurs to his horse, when Lewis seeing the emergency of the case, seized his bridle fast. It was but the work of a moment. The horseman was dragged from his seat and thrown upon the side of the lane, and Lewis had lifted Mr. Herbert into the saddle. Leading the horse, and entreating Miss Herbert to assist in steadyng her father upon his back, he hurried onward as fast as he dared. This was the more necessary, as they heard the dismounted cavalier, as soon as he could recover his breath and his senses, making towards the light, roaring for assistance. It seemed as though they never would reach the end of the lane. Mr. Herbert swayed upon the saddle like a drunken man, and it was with difficulty that they kept him from failing. Before they had gained the shore, they knew that their

pursuers had been put upon the right scent. They were nearing them fast, when the fugitives at last came out upon the sands. The hurried footsteps, shouts, execrations, and dancing lights of the mob, seemed fearfully near. What were they to do? Fortunately, Lewis espied a gentleman's boat-house, built over a little creek hard by. 'I must make free with Colonel Vernon's boat,' exclaimed he, and suiting the action to the word, he demolished the padlock on the door with a huge stone. By an equally summary process he freed the boat from its moorings, and pushed it out of its covert. It seemed to be too late, for the rioters were almost upon them. He dashed through the waves, and taking Mr. Herbert in his arms, deposited him in the forward part of the boat, and then, in like manner, placing Miss Herbert at the helm, with a hurried instruction how to hold it, grasped the oars. A second's delay or misadventure had been fatal, for

the crowd were already upon the beach, exulting over their prey. But a single stroke of the oars placed them beyond their reach. Maddened with drink and rage, the pursuers rushed into the sea, with yells and imprecations, in hopes to seize the boat. A shower of stones rained upon the fugitives. But, luckily, the rioters had no fire-arms, and a sweep or two more of the oars placed them beyond danger and annoyance. The bay upon which they were launched was so completely land-locked, that it was more like an inland lake than the wide Atlantic. They were soon careering over the gentle billows, leaving the confused noise of the baffled mob far behind them, and they forgot, for the moment, in the sweet sense of present security, what they had suffered and lost.

As soon as the first tumults of joy were over, Lewis explained his agency in the matter. It seems, that after he left Mr. Herbert's

house, he had gone to Portsmouth, in New-Hampshire, where he lived until he happened to hear that his old master had removed, permanently, into the country. He then returned to Boston, not long before, and went into the service of a distinguished patriot. He had left the town previously to the siege, with this gentleman's family. It was in this situation that he heard of the popular excitement against his old master, as a traitor to the country, (whether just or not, we have not time now to inquire,) and of the determination of the populace to wreak their vengeance upon him. By pretending to join them, he had been able to get enough in advance of them to defeat their plans, as we have seen. While thus explaining, the boat rounded the point of Long Island, and was instantly challenged from His Majesty's frigate *Arethusa*, which lay at anchor in the channel. Explanations were soon given. The fugitives were cordially wel-

comed to the hospitalities of the ship for the night, and, the next morning, they were safely landed in Boston.

* * * * *

Long years passed away. The struggle was over. The seven years of apprenticeship were at an end, and the American Colonies, erected into the United States, had set up the trade of government on their own account. The expectations of the English ministry were disappointed, and the hopes of the Loyalists crushed forever. The treaty of Paris had crowned the work, and the Rebellion was transmuted, by the magic of success, into the Revolution. Many hearts rejoiced at the prosperous issue; some, because they glowed with patriotic fires; some, because they saw a new and untried career of ambition opened before them; some, because the final seal was set upon the confiscations and forfeitures of the troublous times, and confirmed their titles to

other people's estates. But there were, too, sorrowful spirits and breaking hearts, wearing out sad years of exile in a foreign land, upon whose ears the distant rejoicings sounded like the death-knell of their hopes. To such, we turn.

One of the gloomiest days of a London November was drawing towards its close. The sun vainly endeavored to pierce the thick fog that buried the city in an untimely night. The street lamps were lighted, though it was not yet sunset, and the windows of the shops and houses shot forth uncertain glimmerings into the darkness. A single candle sufficed to light up an humble room on the fourth floor of a dilapidated house, in an obscure part of the city. It had not much to reveal. A ragged carpet strove to hide the middle of the floor, a few common chairs, no two alike, a deal table, and a rough bedstead, all bearing the tokens of poverty and the pawnbroker's shop,

filled up the disposable space of the chamber. A handful of coals upon the grate seemed to be endeavoring to excite themselves into a blaze, sending out into the room an occasional puff of smoke, as an earnest of their good intentions. The room was scrupulously clean, but in all other respects bore the marks of extreme poverty. Upon the bed reclined an old man, propped by pillows, apparently in the last stage of life. By his side sat a woman of perhaps thirty, but upon whose countenance care and sorrow had done the work of many years. The unnatural brightness of her eye, the hectic spot on her cheek, and the frequent though stifled cough, showed that she was not much longer for the world than her aged companion. 'Emily, my love,' said Mr. Herbert, for he it was, 'what was that knocking that just awoke me?' 'It was nothing, sir,' replied his daughter, 'but Mrs. Hobbs, coming after her rent. You remember that the doctor's fee, last week,

when you were so ill, swallowed up that week's rent, so that we are now a fortnight in arrears. But I pacified her by promising she should be paid as soon as Lewis arrives. You know it is Saturday night.' 'Ah, she awoke me from a most delicious dream. I thought I stood, as I often do in dreams, upon the lawn at Walnut Hill. The shadows of the old trees fell, sharply defined, on the grass, — beyond, the Neponset reflected the trees on his banks, as he used to do, — the Blue Hill was on my right hand, the old woods on my left, and the ocean gleamed in the distance. As I stood there, it seemed to me as if all that I have ever known, during my long life, passed in friendly procession before me. First, my parents, and brothers, and sisters, then my school-fellows, and college companions, and so on, as long as I had a friend left. It seemed as if they were gathered to some great festival, of which I was the central attraction. How I rejoiced in the sight of

their beloved countenances!' 'You have, at least, one friend left, sir,' interposed his daughter. 'True, my dear, and one worth hundreds that have called themselves so. What would my proud ancestors have said, what should I have said, in my pride of life, had it been foretold that I and my child would one day be dependent, for our daily bread, on the bounty of a negro!' 'Dear Lewis!' said Miss Herbert, 'he has saved our lives many times. What should we have done without him?' 'What, indeed!' rejoined her father. 'When the compensation allowed for my losses, by the government, was absorbed by my old English debts, and when, that not sufficing, my very pension was sold, we must have starved or come upon the parish, but for him. God will reward him.' A light tap was heard at the door, which was gently opened, and Lewis entered, his face beaming with satisfaction, for it had been a prosperous week with him.

Years had grizzled his hair, and slightly bent his frame, but 'his age was like a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.' He wore the dress of the waiter of a tavern, in which capacity he had for many years supported himself and his *protégés*. On his arm he bore a covered basket, containing provisions, which he had just been purchasing. He cheerfully advanced to Miss Herbert, and gave her money for her clamorous landlady, and other expenses. He then busied himself in putting the room to rights, and in performing various services about the sick bed. There was a cheerful alacrity about him, which showed that his labors were indeed those of love. There was nothing of servility about the marked respect which he paid to Mr. and Miss Herbert. His good breeding was learnt in no *coterie* or court, but it could not have been surpassed by the most accomplished graduate of either; for he bestowed the greatest of benefactions without seeming

conscious that they were such, and saved the pride of his beneficiaries, while he supplied their necessities. He was fully aware of the obligations under which he had laid the helpless pair before him, and they knew it; but they both felt as if his relation to them was that of a father or a brother. Misery is a great leveller of the distinctions men have made between themselves and their fellow-men. But there was nothing in the deportment of Lewis that ever reminded his former master and mistress of their obligations to him.

At last, he said that it was time to go, as there was a great supper at the Angel that night. As he turned to leave the room, Mr. Herbert detained him. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I feel as if my time was short, and I have a word or two to say to you.' Lewis put down his hat and approached the bedside. 'My friend,' Mr. Herbert resumed, 'my child and I owe you many lives. You saved us from a

mob in America, and from starvation here.' Lewis made a deprecating gesture, and his countenance indicated so much distress, that Mr. Herbert proceeded:—'I am not going to thank you, my friend, for that I cannot do,—God will thank you,—but to ask you to continue to be the friend of my child when I am dead.' Lewis looked half reproachfully at his old master, as if hurt at the implication that such a request was necessary, and then turned his eyes upon Miss Herbert. They filled with tears as they rested upon her, for he saw, though her father did not, how short a time she was destined to remain behind him. He could not speak, but he took Miss Herbert's hand and kissed it. Lord Chesterfield could not have done it more expressively. Mr. Herbert was made easy on that point. 'Now tell me,' he resumed, 'whether you have made any inquiries as to my old loyalist friends at the other end of the town;—do they suspect

where I am?' 'I have good reason to know,' replied Lewis, 'that they believe you returned, long since, to America, and have no suspicion of your being still in London.' 'That is well,' rejoined Mr. Herbert, 'let the secret be still kept, that the world,' (his little loyalist world,) 'may never know of the latter days of Philip Herbert.' He extended his hand to his benefactor, and, sinking back upon his pillow, closed his eyes. Lewis, in strong emotion, stole from the room. He returned about midnight, and, as soon as he looked upon the face of the sick man, he saw that he was dying. Miss Herbert had suspected as much, and was anxiously awaiting his arrival. They exchanged looks; no words were needed. Lewis took his station on the other side of the bed, and they remained all night watching the face of the dying man. Towards morning, he opened his eyes, and, turning them first upon his friend, and then upon his child, with that look which

only a dying man can give, he closed them again forever.

* * * * *

I need not prolong my tale. More than half a century has passed away since all its actors disappeared, like drops of rain in the ocean. They sleep together in one of the hideous church-yards of London, and are forgotten. Of the colonial glories of the Herborts, of the miseries of their exile, of the heroic self-devotion of Lewis, not a trace is left, except this imperfect tradition. Heroic his conduct surely deserves to be called; for what is heroism but intelligent self-devotion to an unselfish end—self-sacrifice for the advantage of others? And when those, for whom the sacrifices of years were made, had inflicted upon him who made them the greatest wrong man can do to man,—when self-devotion was thus the companion of godlike forgiveness,—surely, it was a height of virtue, to which the annals of the

race can furnish but few parallels. For Lewis was no besotted slave, whom favors or blows had so imbruted that he could not discern his own rights, so that he blindly followed his master, in the belief that he was entitled to his life-long service. He had shown his sense of the degradation and injustice of his servile estate, by leaving the persons and the scenes he loved, for freedom, though in a worse condition, and refusing to return again, until misfortune had overshadowed them. That he did not grudge his services, he showed by his cheerful gift of them to those he loved, when they were his own to give.

Perhaps there may be some, who will deem it strange that the Herberts should have consented to be thus the dependants of a negro, once their slave. Such should be very careful of their censures, for they may reach farther than they think. Was it more disgraceful to the Herberts to live in London, upon the earn-

ings of a negro, freely offered for the love he bore them, than it is to grave judges, learned divines, and honorable women, to live upon the earnings of negroes in Charleston or Baltimore, extorted by the fear or the application of torture? Which is the meaner and more ignominious livelihood of the two? The same practical results are worked out on many a broad plantation, and in many a splendid city mansion, that we have seen produced in an obscure garret in London; only the motive power that creates them is the scourge or the branding-iron, instead of generous affection. There are many men, of eminent station, and who boast loudly of the sensitiveness of their honor, who eat dirtier bread, every day of their lives, than did the Herberts during their last and evil days.

There may be others, who cannot understand why Lewis, when he was so ready to give his services for nothing, in the days of his

master's distress, should have deserted him in the days of his prosperity, when his fidelity might have met with some reward. If there be any who cannot perceive the difference between the free gifts of love and the extorted tribute of involuntary servitude, I have no time left to point it out. I can only say, that if it were an error, it was one which he shared with the noblest natures and the most generous spirits. The divine instinct of liberty, to which he yielded, and which is even now urging hundreds of fugitives towards the polar star, is that which has shed the purest glory upon the page of history, and given to poetry its truest inspiration. Its manifestations, however coarse or barbarous they may have been, ever have appealed with resistless power to the universal human heart. It was this principle that wreathed with myrtle the sword of Harmodius, and has invested with immortal memories the steel of Brutus and the shaft of Tell.

It was this that sent Hampden, reeling in his saddle, a dying man, from Chalgrave field; that taught Milton

'To scorn delights, and live laborious days;'

and that made Vane and Sidney lay down their heads upon the block, as if it were some beloved bosom wooing them to repose. To those who feel that freedom is the only element in which the soul can grow and expand, and who can appreciate the virtues which are its genial growth, in however humble a breast, or obscure a lot, I cheerfully commend the memory and the example of

LEWIS HERBERT.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE PICTURE, 'CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.'

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

SAVIOUR! Consoler! in thy presence bending,
Lo, what a train of mourners round Thee wait!
What earnest prayers, from breaking hearts
ascending,
Thy blessed help and comfort invocate!
Great as their sorrow, is Thy mercy great!
The youthful mother, weeping for her child—
The murderer, haunted by remorse, too late—
The maniac, tortured by his fancies wild;—
And chief, the fettered and forsaken slave
Among this crowd of sufferers claims a place;
Stronger than all, *that* claim on Him who gave
His life a ransom for the human race.
When *we*, as mourners, on Thy mercy call,
May we, like Thee, have loved and pitied all!

D I V E R S I T I E S .

BY LUCRETIA MOTT.

'There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.'

In the prosecution of the divine work of giving 'deliverance to the captive,' the interest of those engaged is variously brought to bear on the several departments in the field of labor; each, perhaps, impressed with the paramount importance of his chosen sphere of action.

The religious sectarian, urges the necessity of purifying the Church, by means of 'concerts of prayer,' by prompting the minister to 'cry aloud and spare not,' and by refusing communion with the slaveholder.

The statesman and politician magnify the good to result from the election to offices in the government, of those who 'are not against us, but for us.'

They who recognize the duty of abstinence from slave-grown products, are wont to conclude, that the overthrow of the abominable system is dependent on the practical despising of 'the gain of oppression.'

Some, regarding prejudice against color as one of the firmest supports of slavery, would direct their efforts mainly to the removal of this sin, by social intercourse, and by the elevation of our brethren who are nominally free.

The vigilant protector of the fugitive from bondage, in view of the numbers annually placed beyond the reach of their pursuers, would fain persuade himself, that ultimate emancipation will be effected, by encouraging such escape from the American prison-house.

While there is this 'diversity of operations,' let each be careful lest he be engrossed with his favorite department in the great work. The religionist should wash his hands in innocence of every stain, so that he may compass the holy altar of Freedom. The statesman and politician should bear in mind, that moral suasion must change the corrupt heart of this nation, or ever it cease to 'frame iniquity by a law.' Let those who 'despise the gain of oppression,' regard their abstinence from the products of the unrequited toil of the stricken slave, as the beginning, rather than the fulfilment of their duty, — preparing them, with clean hands, to aid effectually in removing far from this nation the evil of its doings, in using our neighbor's service without wages, and giving him not for his work. Duty bids to do all that in us lies, to overcome prejudice, and improve the condition of the nominally free, but our object should be, to break up a system

which has thus degraded our fellow-beings. While we aid, to the extent of our power, the fugitive from injustice and oppression, let us not yield to solicitations for money to purchase his freedom from his claimants ; thus acknowledging a right of property in man, and giving an indirect support to slavery. Rather let our main and most vigorous exertions be directed to the overthrow of the outrageous system of American Slavery.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

‘ It seems to me quite impossible to decline entirely what Mrs. Chapman asks of me, as my mite to the anti-slavery cause, if it were possible that it should be of use. She is, perhaps, aware how difficult it is for a woman to do any thing that is *usefully* conspicuous here, for the prejudice against it prevents the benefit; however, I will now feel that I am stretching my weak hand across the Atlantic, to that noble-minded woman, of whom I have so often thought,—one of a band near to every sympathy of my heart. Weakness and unworthiness I should have felt at any time; I am now, you know, laboring under physical weakness,

so great, that it is in the intervals of faintness that I write; but the very feeling of the increased uncertainty of life, in altered health, gives me a momentary strength,— for in what hour of life can such a subject appear trivial or unexciting?

Will you convey to your honored acquaintance my deep sympathy — my affectionate remembrance. I thought of her in the deep gloom of Channing's death, and I imagine her in every gleam of light and hope that shines through the dark grating of this terrible subject. I was very young when I felt that the subject of slavery came between me and my peace; this is what I heard old Mr. Clarkson say it had done to him, and what did he give? Fifty years of his life — a blessed gift for him that gives them. Hearing this fine old man make his touching, trembling deposition, was one of the moments in which I felt that most of life centered.

I shall end with my eldest daughter's words: — "The words of American Abolitionists are thrilling to our hearts. How is it possible for those, with whose country rests a portion of the burning shame for the introduction of the curse of Slavery in America, not to kindle at the hope of its abolition? There must be faith and hope,— there must be the charity, which bears long with man, while it wars against his sin."

I only add, that I wish I could have said better what our hearts are full of. Such as it is, let my hand grasp Mrs. Chapman's; I envy yours that has really done so.

Yours, &c., &c.

HARRIET SUTHERLAND.

PITY THE SLAVE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

You pity me, because
My days and years are passed within the square
Of these two rooms; — because my eye sur-
veys
But a small stretch of sea, — some garden plots,
A village on yon hill, and a green down
A child may traverse in three minutes' space: —
Because some years have passed since I beheld
A spreading tree, — so that I start at sight
Of oak, or elm, or copse, in print or sketch
Held up before my face; — and when I read
Of cottage scene, or reapers in the field,
Or rivulet that murmurs in a lane,
I lay the volume down, and close my eyes,

To summon up, by act of memory,
The images familiar once as voice
Of mother or of sister,— as the sight
Of sunshine and of stars is to me now.

For this you pity me, and call me 'prisoner,'
As if privation centered in that word.

Your pity makes me blush, as if I sought
For sympathy or false pretence: for who,
I daily feel, can freer be than I?

Freer from every yoke that galls: — for know
Our Father lays none but a seeming yoke,
Giving thereby new sense of liberty.

The yoke of man is that which none can bear
And truly live. Then do not pity me,
To whom the universe is opened wide,
For my free soul to range where'er it will.

Under no fetters but those fleshly bonds,
Which daily waste, and soon must be dissolved;
Slave to no human will, and only linked,
In silken ties of love, to my own kind,—
Those ties which cherubs court in heaven's
free air,

And seraphs seek, treading among the stars ; —
Free from all ties but these, pity not me !

But rove with me, as we have liberty,
And I will show you whom our souls shall pity.

Turn from this treeless spot to forest realms :
Turn from this sea to where the rolling tides
Of Mississippi thunder towards the gulf :
Turn from these garden plots to prairies gay
With blossoms that would cover all our isle.
See, there, how men in the green shadow stand
Of ancient woods, where the swift winds make
music

Among the pines ; where birds and butterflies
Flit all day long among the sunny peeps
And bells of dangling vines : — there see these
men ;

One climbing stems, to find the wild bee's
comb ;

One bringing horses down, to quench their
thirst

At spring or running brook ; one in the sun

Basking, and singing to a laughing troop
Of children at their play. See in the stream
The womenplash to reach the grassy bank,
And spread their bleaching linen. When the
morn

Flings the night shadows, see the dancing
groups

In the piazza, where the torches flare,
Or in the court, where drum and flute resound,
And shouts of laughter issue forth to break
The silence of the starlight plains afar.

These must you pity. Yes—I show you not
The husband raging while his wife is flogged,
Nor wives at auction in the market place;
Nor children trained to sin without the shame.

I show you slaves, as their own masters show
them,

And when most gay, Oh! then most pitiable.
Would you see me one of them,— moving free
In wood or meadow, singing or at play,—

The mind's eye quenched the while, the soul
debased,
The heart a hell of passions, ruled by Fear?
Oh! 'Fear hath torment,' and a life of fear,
Fear that casts shadows forward into heaven
Is that of slaves. Oh! my friend, never dare
To spend your pity on the sick, the prisoner,
Caged but by God's kind hand; but keep it all
(After the guilty, the poor slaves of sin,)
For the poor slaves of man. If it were yours
To lay them on the bed of pain, to lock
Their limbs in hopeless palsy, as the cost
Of making chattels men, this would be mercy!
'T would be but mercy to release the soul
From yoke of man and hell, come what come
may
To the soon-perishing frame; and if you loved,
You would not hesitate. It is not yours
To make the choice: but do the thing you can!
Oh! pity me no more; but give your heart,
Give all your daily love and nightly prayers

To break the shameful fetters of the slave,
Whose iron cankers souls. And all around you,
As sorrow springs at human woes,
Lay hold on young and tender hearts, and
teach them,
While helping all who suffer, to rejoice
With God's blithe captives, prisoners but in
limb,
And weep when 'tis the spirit that's enthralled.

Tynemouth, August 26, 1843.

THE CHURCH AND THE CLERGY.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

"We are verily guilty concerning our brother."

SUCH may well be the humble and penitent confession of the whole free population of this country, with reference to the slaves, whom we hold in bondage. We all share in the guilt and disgrace of slavery.

The merchant buys and sells the products of slave labor, without thought or care, except for his profits; and the purchaser uses them, without thought or care, except for their relative cheapness.

The lawyer argues, and the judge decides, in favor of slavery, with as much quiet composure as if the slave-code were a portion of the

Gospel, and the Constitution of the United States equally divine with the Golden Rule.

The father, who would establish his son in business, selects for him a situation, indifferently, in Boston or New-Orleans, regardless of that depravation of the moral sense, which habitual contact with slavery must necessarily produce.

The young man who surveys the country, to decide upon a permanent residence, balances impartially the claims of North, South and West, and decides without thinking of slavery.

The indigent northern student, who seeks the means of completing his education, goes to the South as a schoolmaster or private tutor, and leaves it when his object is effected, without once intimating to his pupils that slavery is wrong.

The citizen of New-England marries a fair daughter of the South, and thinks of her slave inheritance only to congratulate himself on his

increased possessions; and the northern girl permits her affections to be engaged by a slaveholder, and goes to share his despotic power, without a thought of her abused influence, or her impending punishment.

The southern clergyman practices and defends slaveholding. His northern brother keeps silence, until some abolitionist gains access to his people, and then preaches, ardently and in earnest, against anti-slavery.

Southern churches and ecclesiastical bodies defend slavery as a proper and necessary part of the social system; and northern churches and ecclesiastical bodies, knowing this, concede to them, without scruple, the title and privileges of Christian brethren.

The northern member of Congress hears the most ferocious threats of illegal violence uttered by slaveholders against abolitionists, and sits quietly in his chair, without a word of protest against the outrage, or a word of warning

to his constituents, whose liberties and lives are thus openly threatened.

Northern people, of every class, talk with their southern guests and acquaintances about slavery, as a business transaction, or an indifferent subject of conversation, and thus practically assure those friends of their acquiescence in the perpetuity of the slave system.

All classes in our community are thus tainted with the guilt of slavery. Why, then, have abolitionists branded the church and the clergy with particular and especial denunciation? Are they sinners above all others? If all are guilty, why single them out for particular censure, and expose them as in the pillory, pre-eminent in sin and shame, before the eyes of mankind!

Questions like these have often been asked and answered. But, obvious as the answer is, it must be repeated again and again, for the benefit of those who, having ears, hear not.

The church is, theoretically, an association designed to promote all holiness and destroy all sin. It assumes that these purposes can best be accomplished through its instrumentality, and therefore maintains that all good men ought to unite and co-operate with it. The clergy are the leaders, guides, heads of the church, and the church is at present what they have made it.

If the church and the clergy had been faithful to their principles, anti-slavery societies would never have existed, for they would never have been needed. If they were now faithful to their principles, namely, love of holiness and hatred of sin, they would be the most steadfast and zealous allies of the abolitionists.

But we find, on inquiry, that the clergy of the South hold slaves, when it suits their convenience to do so, and teach their people that slaveholding is right; and that the church-

members of that immense territory use, without scruple, the license thus given by their spiritual guides. We find, also, that the northern clergy prefer to let slavery alone altogether. When circumstances force it upon their attention, they represent it as an evil, which they hope that time, with the ameliorating influences of civilization and Christianity, will ultimately remedy; but they utterly refuse to protest against it as a sin, demanding immediate and entire abandonment. They welcome to their Christian fellowship such slaveholding clergymen and church-members as chance to come among them; but they denounce abolitionists as evil and dangerous men, and seek, as far as possible, to counteract their influence.

It is easy to see why the position, character, and influence of the clergy and the church, render them far more dangerous enemies of the anti-slavery cause than all its other enemies combined.

The clergy are the teachers of the people. Their right to assume this commanding position is generally recognized. The community devote one day in seven to the purpose of hearing their instructions; and whoever declines becoming their pupil, and uses the day they have monopolized, for his own purposes, is called by them, and considered by their adherents, a suspicious and dangerous person. Their opposition, therefore, must be a serious obstacle in the way of any enterprise.

The clergy and the church are supposed to embody the religious sentiment of the community. The man, or the enterprise, that they oppose, is thought, for that reason, to have a character opposed in some way to the interests of religion. Their character is so established, in the view of the community, that antagonism with them is in itself a reproach.

Nothing can be plainer, than that, if the religion of a country does not actively oppose

slavery, it will be its defence and bulwark. If the open tyranny of the lash and chain are found, as they ever must be, difficult of vindication, their apologist can always fall back upon the excellent character and fervent piety of the ministers and church-members who employ them. 'Certainly Deacon A., and the Reverend Mr. B., and good brother C. would not knowingly do anything wrong. *They pray, every morning and evening, with their families.* Yet they hold, buy and sell slaves.' Thus the question is settled, to the entire satisfaction of many, who do not dream that they are approving the exact counterpart of those who, eighteen centuries ago, devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers.

Thus the church and the clergy throw over slavery the shield of their good character. Knowing what the atrocities of slavery are, (for ignorance, at least, can no longer be their justification,) they deliberately prefer to side

with the slaveholder rather than with the abolitionist. It matters not whether their aid be active or passive. So much approbation and support as silence implies, is all that the dealers in slaves ask of them; so surely has their silence upon the subject of slavery favored and perpetuated it from its commencement to the present time. Their combined influence might have effected the abolition of slavery in any one year of our national existence. If a tithe of their duty had been done, no slaveholder could have retained his place in any society that valued even the appearance of morality or religion.

The church and the clergy fix the standard of morality and religion in our community. To them it is owing that slaveholding has not long since taken its appropriate place with drunkenness, theft, murder and adultery, in the estimation of the public. They have suffered that compound of all vices to take root, flourish,

and become established among us, until it is openly boasted of as the natural and necessary appendage of free institutions. They have a reputation which sanctifies even falsehood and crime. How much might this influence effect, co-operating with the natural energy of truth and justice. How irresistible would be the impression, if every minister throughout the country should, from this moment, remember those in bonds as bound with them, and should preach deliverance to the captives, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, and the breaking of every yoke. Suppose, in addition to this, that every church-member should at once emancipate his slaves, and become a consistent and hearty advocate of liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. Who, that valued his character, who that regarded the opinion of the better portion of society, could continue to hold slaves? Who would not see that the first

principles of justice, religion and humanity require immediate and universal emancipation ?

- Who would not hasten to free himself from the reproach of being a slaveholder, and shudder at the thought of even appearing by delay to wish the continuance of such barbarous oppression ?

This power which the church and the clergy have, they refuse to exercise. Entrusted with the education of this great people in religion and morality, they abuse their trust, and put darkness for light, and evil for good. Having a reputation, which would sustain them unharmed in revolutionizing public sentiment, they choose to glide with the current of sin, and resign the glorious privilege, their birth-right and natural prerogative, of fighting the battles of the Lord against the mighty. The staff thus dropped from their hand, the abolitionists have taken up ; and the first service which allegiance to truth and righteousness

requires of them is, to expose to a misguided people the treachery of their predecessors.

Let it be repeated and remembered. If the church and the clergy had not utterly failed to perform their peculiar and appropriate duty of relieving the oppressed, and pleading for the friendless, the fatherless and the widow, anti-slavery societies would never have existed. They were literally called into being by the delinquencies of the church, and they perform only their imperative duty in warning the community against a religion, falsely assuming the Christian name, which tends to sanction and perpetuate slavery.

THE FUGITIVES IN BOSTON.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

THEY came through perils, only known
To those, who, guided by the ray
Of one bright star to lands unknown,
Find unimagined dangers thrown
Around their paths, and, day by day,
Start, as they seem to hear the bay
Of blood-hounds following their track,
Urged on by men more fierce than they,
And listen for the murderous shot; —
But death, e'en such a death, is not
Feared, as they fear the coming day
May see them borne to bondage back.

Such dangers and such fears were passed,
They stood amid kind friends at last ;
Nor only friends, — for *there* was one,
A woman, who long since had thrown
Her fetters off, and dreamed no more,
Of meeting those she loved before ;
But she had found the one most dear, —
Her mother to her arms was given !
And warmly, almost wildly, she
Poured forth her soul-felt thanks to Heaven.

There were four others, — men still young,
Whose spirits, past endurance stung,
By countless, nameless wrongs, — at length
Trusted that He, who gave a star
To guide their way, would give them strength
To gain a home and freedom, far
Beyond the reach of their control,
Who fetter body, heart and soul.

Then hundreds gathered round, to hear
The tale of trials each could tell,—
And one spoke of a wife and child
In bondage with him,—loved so well,—
He risked his life, and theirs, to gain
Freedom from the too galling chain.
And gratefully of one he told,
Who promised, in a vessel's hold,
To carry them concealed away.
His wife and child in safety there
He placed, and hastened to prepare
For joining them another day.
But when again he reached the shore,
The ship he sought was seen no more;
'Twas sailing far away!
And he—he would not pause to tell
Of grief, and fear, and doubt, that fell
Upon his heart,—nor how their spell
He broke, with courage nought could quell,
For he had caught a ray
Of hope,—with speechless rapture fraught,

Had heard the wife, the child he sought,
Were in Toronto safe,— and he
With them, please Heaven, e'er long would be.

That mother, then, and daughter, told

Their tales,— nor could restrain
Their fervent gratitude and joy,
That they had met again,—
Had met amid the kind, the free,
And, more than all — at liberty.

An old man rose — his crown was bald,

But locks, by time and sorrow bleached,
In snow-white curls, on either side,
Down even to his shoulders reached.

He, too, had been a slave, and long
Had borne unmurmuringly the wrong,
The lengthened task, the wanton blow,
And much that only slaves can know;

But e'en in his degraded lot,
He found one bright, one happy spot ; —
Found flowers upon his pathway strewn, —
A wife and children were his own !
His own — alas ! how vain the trust,
Which the confiding slave reposes
On those who trample in the dust
The laws of kindred and of love,
Of men on earth, and Heaven above, —
How vain such trust, each day discloses !

Of change, of poignant grief he told ; —
They sold his wife — one child they sold,
And left him only one ;
And oh ! how closely did his heart
(With all beside thus forced to part,) —
Cling round that much loved son !
He was a gentle, noble boy,
And soon with deep, but fearful joy,
His father marked his spirit high,

And stronger, stronger grew the tie
Which their lone spirits bound, —
It softened e'en the deep regret
For those they never could forget,
And in their saddened lot were yet
Bright gleams of pleasure found: —

Pleasure, that soon was swept away, —
For, from his arms the boy they tore, —
He, too, was sold, — and on that day
Enjoyment, even hope was o'er;
There was not left a single ray,
To light the gloom of bondage more.
And then he vowed to break his chain,
Or, should the attempt be made in vain,
Even the threatened death would be
Preferred to life in slavery.
The first attempt *did* fail, and all
They'd threatened was endured, save death;
The bloody lash just ceased to fall,
In time to spare the failing breath.

But added tortures moved him never
From his fixed purpose, — and when strength
Returned, he strove again to sever
His soul-felt fetters ; and, at length,
Toil, danger, fear were past, and he
Stood thankfully among the free.

‘ Since then,’ he added, ‘ many a year
Has passed — I could not happy be,
For memory dwelt on those so dear,
Forever, ever lost to me.
Yet I have been resigned and calm,
No worldly hopes or fears came o’er me ;
For grief like mine earth has no balm,
And light from heaven was beaming o’er me.
But feelings, that I fancied slept
Forever, have awakened — I,
With spirit deeply moved, have wept
In thankfulness and sympathy
With those this day has reunited ;
But while I share their grateful joy,

I think how all *my* hopes were blighted,
When parted from my noble boy.
My boy! O, could I meet him now,
But place my hand upon his brow,
And say, 'dear John, you're mine,' and know
No tyrant's will could bid us part,
What perfect happiness would flow
Upon my desolated heart.'

The old man ceased — but e'er was past
The echo of the words he'd spoken,
The breathless silence gathering there,
By words that thrill'd each heart, was broken:
'*Father! MY FATHER!*' — it was he,
So loved, so mourned, his long lost son,
Who rushed into his arms, — among
Those welcome strangers he was one.

Let Fancy — no, to paint the rest,
The o'erflowing feelings of each breast,
Her brightest, richest hues would fail;

Go list when **COLLINS** tells the tale,
With quivering lip and moistened eye,
With noble, deep, and gen'rous feeling,
To every tender sympathy
With thrilling eloquence appealing ;
Listen, and feel, however lowly
The pathway of the slave may be,
No clouds of earth can shut out wholly
The light of love and liberty.

Then higher raise your beacon fires,
His northward way to guide and cheer ;
Teach southern despots that their dark,
Heaven-daring laws, are powerless here ;
Here, where with fervency are breathed,
From countless spirits, prayers to Heaven,
That, turning from their guilt-marked course,
They may repent, and be forgiven.

Montgomery County,
Pennsylvania.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Cost what it may, every slave on the American soil must be liberated from his chains. Nothing is to be put in competition, on the score of value, with the price of his liberty; for whatever conflicts with the rights of man must be evil, and therefore intrinsically worthless. Are we to be intimidated from defending his cause by the fear of consequences? Is it, then, safe to do wrong? Has a just God so ordered it, that the strong may oppress the weak, the rich defraud the poor, the merciless torture the innocent, not only without guilt, but with benefit to mankind? Is there no similitude between the seed that is sown, and

the harvest which it brings forth? Have cause and effect ceased to retain an indissoluble connexion with each other? On such a plea, what crime may not be committed with impunity? what deed of villany may not demand exemption from rebuke? what system of depravity may not claim protection against the assaults of virtue?

Let not those who say that the path of obedience is a dangerous one, claim to believe in the living and true God. They deny his omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence. It is his will that the bands of wickedness should be loosed, the heavy burdens of tyranny undone, the oppressed set free. They reject it as absurd, impracticable, dangerous. It is his promise that the results of emancipation shall be noon-day light for darkness, health for disease, fertility for barrenness, prosperity like a spring of water whose waters fail not, the building up of old waste places, the restoring

of paths to dwell in, the glory of the Lord for a reward, and his guidance continually! They affirm that the promise is worthless, and to disregard it a duty. They exalt the Spirit of Evil above all that is called God, and raise an Ephesian clamor against those who will not fall down and worship it. Yet they put on the garb of religion; they extol faith, hope, charity; they build and dedicate temples of worship, in the name of Christ; they profess to be the disciples of Him who came to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Unblushing hypocrites! think not by your pious dissembling to hide your iniquity from the pure in heart, or to 'circumvent God!' Impious contemners of Divine wisdom and goodness! from your companionship the spirits of the free shrink with horror!

For more than two centuries, slavery has polluted the American soil. It has grown with

the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the republic. Its victims have multiplied from a single cargo of stolen Africans to three millions of native-born inhabitants. In our colonial state, it was deemed compatible with loyalty to the mother country. In our revolutionary struggle for independence, it exchanged the sceptre of monarchy for the star-spangled banner of republicanism, under the folds of which it has found ample encouragement and protection. From the days of the Puritans down to the present time, it has been sanctified by the religion, and upheld by the patriotism of the nation. From the adoption of the American Constitution, it has declared war and made peace, instituted and destroyed national banks and tariffs, controlled the army and navy, prescribed the policy of the government, ruled in both houses of Congress, occupied the Presidential chair, governed the political parties, distributed offices of trust and emolument

among its worshippers, fettered Northern industry and enterprise, and trampled liberty of speech and of conscience in the dust.

It has exercised absolute mastery over the American Church. In her skirts is found 'the blood of the souls of the poor innocents.' With the Bible in their hands, her priesthood have attempted to prove that slavery came down from God out of heaven. They have become slave-owners and dealers in human flesh. They have justified robbery, adultery, barbarity, man-stealing and murder, on a frightful scale. They have been among the foremost to crush the sacred cause of emancipation, to cover its advocates with infamy, to oppose the purification of the Church. They have become possessors of the flock, whom they slay, 'and hold themselves not guilty: and they that sell them say, Blessed be the Lord; for I am rich: and their own shepherds pity them not.'

If slavery be thus entwined around the civil, social, and pecuniary interests of the republic — if the religious sects and political parties are banded together for its safety from internal revolt and external opposition — if the people, awed by its power and corrupted by its influence, are basely bending their knees at its footstool — is it wonderful that Church and State are shaken to their foundations by the rallying cry of Liberty, ‘To the rescue !’ in behalf of imbruted humanity ? Or should it be accounted marvellous that they who have sternly resolved to effect the utter overthrow of this frightful usurpation are subjected to persecution, reproach, loss of character, and the hazard of life ? Constituting the ‘forlorn hope’ in the struggling cause of freedom, they must be prepared to meet all the vicissitudes of the conflict, and to make whatever sacrifices may be needed to achieve the victory. Hereafter, when the song of jubilee shall be sung by those for

whose deliverance they toiled so devotedly, their deeds and their memories shall be covered with a halo of glory, and held in grateful remembrance by enfranchised millions.

Slavery must be overthrown. No matter how numerous the difficulties, how formidable the obstacles, how strong the foes, to be vanquished — slavery must cease to pollute the land. No matter whether the event be near or remote, whether the taskmaster willingly or unwillingly relinquish his arbitrary power, whether by a peaceful or a bloody process — slavery must die. No matter though, to effect it, every party should be torn by dissensions, every sect dashed into fragments, the national compact dissolved, the land filled with the horrors of a civil and a servile war — still, slavery must be buried in the grave of infamy, beyond the possibility of a resurrection. If the State cannot survive the anti-slavery agitation, then let the State perish. If the Church

must be cast down by the struggles of Humanity to be free, then let the Church fall, and its fragments be scattered to the four winds of heaven, never more to curse the earth. If the American Union cannot be maintained, except by immolating human freedom on the altar of tyranny, then let the American Union be consumed by a living thunderbolt, and no tear be shed over its ashes. If the Republic must be blotted out from the roll of nations, by proclaiming liberty to the captives, then let the Republic sink beneath the waves of oblivion, and a shout of joy, louder than the voice of many waters, fill the universe at its extinction.

Against this declaration, none but traitors and tyrants will raise an outcry. It is the mandate of Heaven, and the voice of God. It has righteousness for its foundation, reason for its authority, and truth for its support. It is not vindictive but merciful, not violent but pacific, not destructive but preservative. It is

simply asserting the supremacy of right over wrong, of liberty over slavery, of God over man. It is only raising the standard of rectitude from the dust, and placing it on the eternal throne.

The Party or Sect that will suffer by the triumph of justice cannot exist with safety to mankind. The State that cannot tolerate universal freedom must be despotic; and no valid reason can be given why despotism should not at once be hurled to the dust. The Church that is endangered by the proclamation of eternal truth, and that trades in slaves and souls of men, is 'the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird; therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.' The Union that can be perpetuated only by enslaving a portion of the

people is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,' and destined to be broken in pieces as a potter's vessel. When judgment is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-place. The Republic that depends for its stability on making war against the government of God and the rights of man, though it exalt itself as the eagle, and set its nest among the stars, shall be cast into the bottomless deep, and the loss of it shall be a gain to the world.

There must be no compromise with slavery—none whatever. Nothing is gained, every thing is lost, by subordinating principle to expediency. The spirit of freedom must be inexorable in its demand for the instant release of all who are sighing in bondage, nor abate one jot or tittle of its righteous claims. By one remorseless grasp, the rights of humanity

have been taken away; and by one strong blow, the iron hand of usurpation must be made to relinquish its hold. The apologist for oppression becomes himself the oppressor. To palliate crime is to be guilty of its perpetration. To ask for a postponement of the case till a more convenient season, is to call for a suspension of the moral law, and to assume that it is right to do wrong, under present circumstances. Talk not of other questions to be settled, of other interests to be secured, of other objects to be attained, before the slave can have his fetters broken. Nothing can take precedence of the question of liberty. No interest is so momentous as that which involves 'the life of the soul;' no object so glorious as the restoration of a man to himself. It is idle to talk of human concerns where there are not human beings. Slavery annihilates manhood, and puts down in its crimson ledger as chattels personal, those

who are created in the image of God. Hence, it tramples under foot whatever pertains to human safety, human prosperity, human happiness. Hence, too, its overthrow is the primary object to be sought, in order to secure private advantage and promote the public weal.

In the present struggle, the test of character is as infallible as it is simple. He that is with the slaveholder is against the slave: he that is with the slave is against the slaveholder. He that thinks, speaks, acts, on the subject of slavery, in accordance with the feelings and wishes of the tyrant, does every thing to perpetuate the thraldom of his victims. When was it ever known for tyranny to devise and execute effective measures for its own overthrow? Or for the oppressor and the oppressed to be agreed on the great question of equal rights? Who talks of occupying neutral ground between these hostile parties? of

reconciling them by prolonging the sufferings of the one, and the cruelty of the other? of mutually satisfying them as to the means and the plan by which the rod and the chain shall be broken? I tell this vain babbler, or crafty hypocrite, that he is acting the part of a fool or a knave. Impossibilities are not feasible; and to propose their adoption as the only rational methods by which to dethrone injustice is an insult to human intelligence. Slavery cannot be conquered by flattery or stratagem. Its dying throes will convulse the land and sea. ' Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Will he make many supplications unto thee? wilt thou play with him as with a bird? Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. His heart is as firm as a stone, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood. The arrow cannot make him

flee: sling-stones are turned with him into stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.'

Abolitionists! friends of liberty! remember that the foe with whom you are in conflict is 'full of all **deceivableness of unrighteousness**,' and will resort to every artifice to make you quit the field. Put on the whole armor of God; so shall you be invulnerable and invincible; so shall no weapon against you prosper. The war admits of no parley. No flag of truce must be sent or received by you; you must neither give nor take any quarters. As Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, so with the battle-axe of Truth you must cleave Slavery to the ground, and give its carcass to the fowls of the air. May Heaven reinspire your hearts, give new vigor to your arms, direct your blows aright, fill the breast of the enemy with dismay, and grant you a splendid victory!

SONNET.

CONVERSING WITH HIS SOUL.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

‘THY life’s bright summer fair before thee lies,
And hopes and friends around thy pathway
throng,
And wealth and honor to thy name belong;
Each moment glances gladness as it flies,
And thy young children by thy strength may
rise
To be what thou art — eloquent and strong,
Honored and loved, and foremost placed among
The world’s gay wrestlers for its shining prize.
Bethink thee, Soul! wilt thou renounce thy lot
Of praise and profit — elegance and ease;
Let thy name perish, of the world forgot;
Let life fleet by thee as the wintry breeze
Visits a lone, lost battle-field with ill,
That so the slave, at length, be freed?’ ‘I WILL.’

BLIND GUIDES.

BY N. P. ROGERS.

A DISTINGUISHED clergyman made a speech on the anti-slavery platform, some time since, in vindication of his recusant brethren who stand aloof from the abolition enterprise,—or, in other words, do what they can to obstruct it. The burden of his defence was, that they wanted *light*. Give them light, said he, and they are with you;—we ask but for light.

‘Give him but light, and Ajax asks no more.’

Now it seems to us that no greater reproof could be administered — no severer sentence of disapprobation be pronounced, than is included in this vindication. Light wanted? and by whom, and on what subjects? Why, by the

learned and titled clergy — the rabbies — the teachers — the luminaries of the land — the sources of other people's light — the fountains whence all other orbs draw light. *They* in the dark — the very suns of the time, who will bear the suggestion from an abolitionist as illy as the Pope would bear a hint of his fallibility from a Protestant! The protestant, learned, educated, doctorated divines of the land of liberty, when the nineteenth century is in its forty-third year, in want of light — their 'lamps gone out'! Are they not out of *oil*? Light on what subject? Why, on the first principles of the New-Testament — on the application of the rule, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' — on the question, 'Who is my neighbor?' They want to see their way clear to advocate the immediate abolition, by repentance and reformation, of the most diabolical system of enslaving people in America — of stealing and selling little children — of parents selling their

own children, yea, rearing them for sale, as farmers do colts, or steers, or pigs ! Poor, benighted doctors, they want a lantern ! They want light, said the reverend apologist ; they long for it as the heart panteth after the water-brook. A most singular illustration of the feeling of these men, and their conduct in relation to the sunshine every where abroad on this subject. Why, they could find light by opening their eye-lids. They could see if they would look. They can see. They do see. They cannot shut their eyes to the light that blazes through the land like sun-rise, or like broad lightning. It strikes through eyelids that are shut and compressed together between eyebrow and cheek-bone. It cannot be kept out by any organic obscuration. The hart after the brook ! — a poor dog rather, under hydrophobia, falling into convulsions at the sound of a brook-ripple, or the spout of a water-trough ! A bat at mid-day caught out of his nook of

concealment! Let them look to it. They want light to see a way to be rid of slavery without repentance and reformation — in other words, without falling into the ranks of abolitionists — without stooping to follow Garrison.

‘And Ajax asks no more.’

Ajax was in a fog when he uttered this, thrown on him, if we remember right, by Apollo, the very god of day, to keep him from doing mischief to the friends and worshippers of that divinity. Ajax was a heathen, a warrior; but even the heathen fighting man did not want light to see the character of slavery. He would not have defended child-stealing and woman-selling, if Apollo had heaped an Egyptian night on his head.

It is not light that is wanted; it is singleness of eye. If their eye were single, their whole body would be full of light. Can they doubt of the sin of slaveholding? Can they doubt of the justice and safety of immediate aboli-

tion? Can they doubt the sin of opposing it? Can they doubt that the abolitionists are, under God, fast bringing it about? Can they think this is not the way, and that there can be any other way under heaven? No—no. 'His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter.'

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

BY ELIZABETH POOLE.

CURB not the spirit—it is free! free! free!

The glorious image of the glorious God;

And, willed to freedom by Divinity,

Boundless and chainless, let it walk abroad!

Chain it not here—or there—to space or minute,

But, like the free wind, let it freely range

Where flower, or leaf, or trembling plume can
win it

To hover lightly in its course of change.

Let it think all, know all, feel all that Heaven

Hath given it power to think, or feel, or know;

For all that Heaven bestowed was freely given,

And who shall curb what man cannot bestow?

God made us free! Between us and our Maker
No cloud shall gather, and no shade shall fall;
For he has called us each to be partaker
Of the free table richly spread for all.

Let none put out the light that God has granted;
Let none deny fit nurture for the soul;
Let none forbid the draught for which we've
panted,
For he who willed the thirst prepared the bowl.

Wexford, Ireland.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS.

BY JOHN T. HILTON.

Up, dear friends, and onward! Methinks I see the star of triumph. The victory is more than half won; soon the remnant of your foes shall yield, not to your superior numbers, but to the all-prevailing word of truth. Calling to remembrance the long years of trial,—the hardships endured,—the patience put in exercise,—the perseverance, fortitude and courage displayed,—the self-devotion, and fixed determination to conquer or die on the field,—the obstacles overcome;—I am fully persuaded that no cause could boast of or need better champions. I entertain, therefore, not the slightest doubt of success, nor do I believe

you capable of yielding an inch of ground, or compromising a particle of principle.

Up, then, to the conquest, friends ! Greener laurels and more illustrious crowns than ever decked a Cæsar's or a Napoleon's brow, await the victories of Freedom !

Collected & Presented Oct. 1st, 1905 C.W.

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